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# AUGUSTANA OBSERVER

JUBILEE-SENIOR  
NUMBER  
1910







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1910



COLLEGE ENTRANCE.



# AUGUSTANA OBSERVER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE 1910.

No. 6

## CLASS OF 1910.

### ROLL.

CARL OSCAR BENGTSON	VICTOR ALEXANDER LINDEBLAD
JOHN VICTOR BENSON	JENNIE NELSON
LEONARD BIRGER BENSON	CARL OSCAR NELSON
CORA MARION BENSTER	THOR NORBERG
CARL JOSEPH BERGMAN	CARL EMIL GIDEON OLSON
BESSIE ANNA BLADEL	HANS PEARSON
ALBIN WILLIAM BLOOM	EARNEST EDWIN RYDEN
OTTO HENRY BOSTROM	BERT MARTIN SAMUELSON
GUSTAV CARLBERG	MARCUS SKARSTEDT
PETER GUSTAF CARLSTEDT	GEORGE STEPHENSON
MATTS ADOLPH HENRICKSON	CARL AXEL ELMER SWANSON
ELMER GEORGE CORNELIUS HOGREN	IDA MARIE SWANSON
RUDOLPH ALEXIUS JACOBSON	EMIL WESTLUND

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*Class Motto: Know Thy Opportunity.*

*Class Colors: Blue and White.*

*Class Reunion 1915*

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### OFFICERS.

President .....	Marcus Skarstedt
Vice President .....	Edwin Ryden
Secretary .....	Jennie Nelson
Treasurer .....	J. V. Benson

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Valedictorian .....	Marcus Skarstedt
Salutatorian .....	R. A. Jacobson
Historian .....	L. B. Benson
Class Orator .....	C. O. Bengtson
Prophet .....	E. E. Ryden
Poetess .....	Cora Benster



## An Outlook from Inspiration Point.

E F. BARTHOLOMEW, PH. D., D. D.

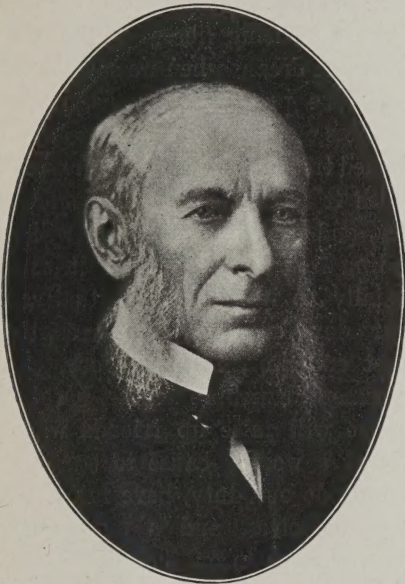
ONE of the grandest views that can be had of Yosemite Valley is obtained from a high promontory on the precipitous rim of the valley, called Inspiration Point. From this point of observation the sublime wonder of this world-famous valley bursts suddenly upon the view of the traveler, and as he stands here and gazes with mute astonishment upon the scene that lies spread out before him he experiences a state of mind characterized by an uplift of soul, a speechless awe, an almost painful sense of the sublime, a vague consciousness of the supernatural which is by no other name so fittingly expressed as by the word inspiration. Every salient feature of this marvelous landscape is here revealed in panorama. Near by, just across the valley, stands El Capitan guarding, as it were, this sacred abode of the gods against the intrusion of curious mortals. By its side may be seen Ribbon Fall, which like a delicate ribbon of silver suspended from the clouds and shimmering in the light of the midday sun floats upon the ever-shifting winds of the mountains. To the right is Bridal Veil Fall, whose graceful folds, tipped with gorgeous rainbow tints, hang from the lofty summit of Sentinel Rock like a veil from the head of a bride. Farther up on the opposite side is Eagle Peak, the Indian's Pornpomasas (Jumping Frogs) and by its side the mighty Yosemite Fall, making the earth tremble with its great volume of water as it falls from its giddy height upon the resounding rocks below. Across the valley stands Sentinel Dome, grand in its loneliness, lifting its head far above every surrounding eminence and watching, as it were,

with ceaseless alertness and jealous care this scene of unrivaled loveliness and grandeur. Beyond, at the extreme upper end of the valley, may be seen the two companion peaks North Dome and South Dome, while far in the distance Clouds' Rest rears its storm-furrowed sides and thunder-riven top, a fitting rendezvous for the threatening nimbus clouds that betimes pour forth their torrents of rain. Viewing the contour of the valley from this point, the beholder gains his orientation in the midst of ever growing wonders and fills his soul with an inspiration which never forsakes him when he descends to explore the scenery in its every detail.

From this outlook let us now turn to another, more interesting and more inspiring than the former. From the inspiration point of our Semi-Centennial Anniversary let us try to gain an outlook upon Augustana College—its history, its work, its life, its achievements, its promise for the future, its glory, its influence and power in the earth. And truly, what an inspiring outlook! When we turn our glance toward the setting sun we behold a wonderful past. From the humblest of beginnings has come a marvelous development. From "a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains" has matured a harvest, the fruit whereof does shake like Lebanon, and they of this city of God do "flourish like grass of the earth". The bread long ago cast upon the waters is returning with liberal increase. The achievements of fifty years of faithful, earnest, consecrated work make a record of which any one may be justly proud. Those faith-inspired lives



of noble men and women that have been given as a living sacrifice which they considered their reasonable service, holy and acceptable unto God, had conserved in them the power of an endless life and with the revolving years have multiplied in ever-widening circles the beneficent influences which they set into motion.



DR. E. F. BARTHOLOMEW,  
Senior Class Guardian.

Nothing in this world is so wonderful as the results of consecrated lives spent in the service of God and of humanity, when these results are seen in the perspective of time. As we stand to-day on this anniversary eminence of our inspiration point and view the past, our hearts swell with admiration and the expression involuntarily rises to our lips, "What hath God wrought!"

The past indeed is great, but the future is greater still. As we bend our eyes toward the rising sun and peer down through the vistas of the years to come, behold, what an outlook opens before our enraptured view! How inspiring the

prospect! We know there is a glorious unfolding of our work in store for us, but of its magnitude and character, its far-reaching influence, its results, we have only faint intimations. Oh! that we might live a hundred years longer to see the fulfillment of the prophecies which illumine the high peaks of the future and shed their radiance upon the pathway of the present. There is promise of greatness and a prospect of prosperity. The little cloud which we see arising out of the sea and standing in the horizon like a man's hand promises to overcast the heavens and by and by to break in abundance of rain over the thirsty earth. What cannot faith, hope and love accomplish! To these powerful dynamics of heaven nothing is impossible. We shall be, by the Divine blessing, what we have the faith and courage to *hope* and to *dare* and to *will*.

What are some of the features that stand out in relief as we look down upon the prospect from our inspiration point of view?

*An enthusiastic, loyal, hardworking student body.* The students who come to these halls are our first and greatest resource—they are the hope of the institution. These young souls that receive here their awakening, their new birth, their self-realization, their orientation for a life of usefulness, beneficence and self-surrender constitute our institution's chief glory and promise of success.

*An aggressive school spirit.* The spirit of a school is the secret source of its life and of the effectiveness of its work. Where there is spirit there is life and power. What the forces of vegetation in this beautiful spring season are doing for nature, clothing the forests with leaves, covering the earth with a carpet of green, filling the air with the fragrance of opening buds and flowers, that the spirit of our school



is doing for us, working silently and invisibly, but transforming our institution in all of its phases and making it a power for good in all the land and a permanent fountain of blessing to all our people.

*A devoted faculty.* The men who labor here are not hirelings—they have given themselves, body, mind and heart, to the work unto which they have been called. They have an end in view to the accomplishment of which they are bending all their energy. They have a personal interest in the young people who are their wards. They are not merely *instructors*; they are *educators* and *teachers*. The efficiency of a good faculty depends far more on consecrated personality than mere scholarship or technical training. The power to touch and influence the students' lives and to start them on the upward way to light and goodness is the power that counts and abides when mere polish fades into insignificance.

*Great library facilities.* Not far in the future we see a library at Augustana such as only the greatest of our universities can boast of. The new Denkmann Memorial Library building which is now going up will certainly be one of the finest of its kind in all the land, and it is not reasonable to suppose that its equipment will be much inferior for any great length of time. In this beautiful temple, this pantheon of learning, will be gathered together a wealth which no power can diminish, riches which increase by being consumed, the heritage of blessings which the more they are scattered, the more they accumulate—treasures which the wise and great and good, the master-spirits of all ages have created and perpetuated. How much such a library will mean for us cannot be overestimated even by the most enthusiastic dreamer. These friends who, by their timely munificence, have made

such a future possible for us, have built better than they knew. Their magnificent gift, great as it is in present reality, is many times greater in those prophetic possibilities which reveal themselves from our inspiration point of view.

*The influx of funds.* Down along the years we see kindly faces near and far turned toward Augustana and interested hearts are devising liberal things for us. It is no idle dream when we say that there are millions preparing for us, which in the fulness of time will flow into our now straitened treasury to enlarge our work and establish it forever on a firm foundation. Money, and that in abundance, will come according to our need, for it is true financially as it is true spiritually, that as our day, so shall our strength be. Earnest endeavor, faithful work, careful management, a noble purpose, heroic perseverance will raise up friends who will not allow a worthy cause to suffer. We need only do our duty, have faith in God and in ourselves, and a sufficiency of funds will come to our hands.

*Vast territory.* One of the inspiring things about our school is the vast territory from which we draw our students. Our territory is practically coextensive with that of our nation—our constituency extends from Maine to California and Washington, from Canada to the Gulf. This is something unparalleled. Our field is our whole country. This very extent of territory gives the school a cosmopolitan character—the ends of our great nation meet in our halls and mingle their peculiarities of climate, locality and social environment. Such circumstances afford rare opportunities for cultivating a broad, catholic, national type of culture, assimilating the best elements from every possible source. The influences that go out from this center of learning touch every



part of our great republic and are a conserving power for Church and State beyond the possibility of calculation.

*High standard.* The institution has ever maintained a high standard among the colleges of the land. Quality and quantity of work are coordinate. We give the best and we succeed in getting the best out of our students and making the best of them for service and life. In this day of superficiality and sham it is encouraging to see an institution that stands for solid work and spares no effort to hold up the standard of scholarship. Augustana sets the mark high and by every lawful means seeks to stimulate its students to strive for the highest attainments. Where noble ideals are fostered the trend of life

is upward and there is a spirit of improvement which cannot escape notice.

These are some of the salient features that stand out in relief in the great landscape which is spread out before us as we stand at this inspiration point of our fiftieth anniversary and look backward and forward and all around. Truly the outlook is inspiring. Our souls are lifted up. The vision is glorious, and it does not yet appear what we shall be. In the distance our Clouds' Rest lifts its sublime peak to the sky surmounted by a "Greater Augustana", the goal of our aspiration and untiring endeavor. We praise God for what has been achieved, and take courage for the work that lies before us.



## Valedictory.

MARCUS SKARSTEDT.

TO meet the approval of a rather mordacious world the college graduate must submit to various restrictions, the wisdom of which, though at times a trifle annoying to him, must nevertheless be conceded by all. In the face of these restrictions, however, among which the most prominent one seems to be that his conception of his own wisdom must by all means be of a *prospective* rather than of a *retrospective* nature, he is required to have developed his prognosticative ability to so high a degree that out of the vast storehouse of human experience which centuries of ages have built he is able to glean and formulate into a single comprehensive truth all that advice which in his estimation shall best serve him in the decisive moments of his future career. The class of 1910 has delved into

this storehouse twenty-five centuries deep and has there discovered that which to them appears to be as powerful a solution to the riddle of men's successes and of men's failures as was ever clothed in words. We believe that we utter that which is of a tremendous importance in the affairs of men, and which, if rightly interpreted and wisely adhered to, is productive of the most stupendous increase in the fullness of our lives when we to-day promulgate our class creed, "Know thy opportunity".

There is no one, I take it, who gets a more nearly adequate and comprehensive view of matters historical than the college student. He is taught to feel with the ages, to see with the ages, to think with the ages, that he might the more readily and accurately understand the ages. His



mind is led into channels in which the minds of other men and of other times have flowed, and so vividly is he impressed by the detail of the crags that have at times changed the course and the rocks that have in their places roused the sluggish stream to a raging torrent, that he learns to sympathize with the ages to a degree that he has never before deemed possible. As his mind wanders through the pages of history he meets with a confusion of noises which bespeaks the awful seriousness of human progress and of human destiny, but he also learns to distinguish among the multifarious discords of this turbulent strife a still small voice which runs through it all and which speaks of method and of harmony and of reason, causing the seeming chaos to assume form and transforming the apparent unreasonableness into lofty intelligence. When the student learns to distinguish this; learns to appreciate that this age and that age, this century and that, even though its place seems to have been ignominiously filled and its record stained with shameful blotches, has nevertheless added its invaluable contribution to the sum total of human progress; when he sees the whole mass of circumstances, things, and conditions which go to make up life being transformed, as it were, and drawn upward as by a mighty hand toward a goal in the realms of somewhere, then he

"doubts not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the progress of the suns".

The student has but just begun to encroach on the great path of life and his scanty supply of experience is but all too insufficient to meet the many and varied requirements which future contingencies

will put upon it, but armed with a great truth that makes clear to him the mighty purpose that pervades all history and his own responsibility as a factor in his age, he goes forth from his Alma Mater with a possession whose value cannot receive adequate expression in the terminology of men. His questioning glances sent forward into the great future bring back something more than the answer "perhaps", and he is encouraged by the thought that even the battles which by him are to be gloriously lost—as he hopes others are to be gloriously won—in the great rumbling onward march which men call life and whose only prize of victory seems to be the very soul of man,—that even these battles will have their profound significance in the final summing up of all things.

It is especially in our day that the furious occupation of subduing chaos which hums and whirs on every side of us, leads often to forget the prime means by which life's real results are brought about. It is indeed a profoundly significant age in which we live; an age in which barrier after barrier, which heretofore has separated men, is swept away; in which the world is being drawn nearer and nearer together; in which democracy is the song of the people and progress is the cry from the housetops; in which man's primeval desire for forming groups, which first gave itself expression in the family, the tribe, the city, the state, has assumed such enormous proportions that the earth is scarcely sufficient to contain the gigantic organizations of which man's prolific mind can conceive. It is indeed an age in which we can "sit at the fireside and lay hold on the poles of the earth", but it is also an age whose most woeful, mournful tragedy is the awful cheapness of man. The surveyor at his transit meas-



ures the mountainside and calculates the most expedient way of penetrating it. His is the task of conquering it in the way of least cost, but into his calculation there enters no element that takes into account those individuals whose lives must pay the difference over yonder at the mountain. The magnate revolves in his mind a great plan by which a mighty financial



MARCUS SKARSTEDT.

conquest may be made. The order that he issues realizes the plan,—but while the press is hurling his name in great black headlines to every portion of the country and men in astonishment are hailing him as a king of finance and a leader of men, a hundred thousand people are reduced to the border of starvation that the realization of that plan might be possible. Even the world of education is placed on the defensive, so to speak, as a great yet terribly little world, blinded by the apparent possibilities of wealth and organization and the gaudy success of a day, dreams of greater achievements

and demands that the youth of the land be *trained* for *temporary* purposes, not *educated* for *eternal* purposes. There is no time to *develop* the young man that he might *be*, but only to *drill* him that he might *do*; and the institution that offers the greatest amount of such drilling in the least possible time gathers its enrollment without difficulty from every inhabited portion of our land. It seems that man physically and spiritually is being subordinated more and more to the trade-marked products of science, art, and human contrivance; for the age asks not that a man's being shall tend toward glorifying God, but rather that his every effort shall be strained and concentrated in a mad effort to gain the height of human eminence and emolument, even though his every virtue shall have wasted by the way from sheer neglect. This is the status of the age, the controlling spirit of our period. How easy then to forget that that finest eulogy ever uttered, "He saw, and behold, it was very good", was not spoken of ephemeral products—the achievements of man; but of eternal products—the handiwork of God! How easy to forget that states, kingdoms, empires, and all other products of man's creative power pass away,—sometimes in a single day,—and that the true means by which the onward trend of humanity is continued, the sole instrument that tolls accurately the fluctuating rate of progress, the only unit by which the moral worth of the age may be unerringly measured is not the *work* of man but man *himself*. We can but reverence the wisdom as we admire the courage of that great Athenian general, who, in the face of the direst disaster — a disaster that shook the very foundation of his own fatherland,—nevertheless sought to encourage his despair-stricken soldiers with these words: "Be



not discouraged, men of Athens, for we can *again* build up the great power of our city; for *men* make the state,—not *walls* nor *ships*". If there is any thought within the bounds of human reason, or any great truth capable of being expressed by the human tongue, or any great vision presented by the lives of those who have gone before, which should give us a better hold on life and make it all seem more worth while to us, surely it is one which speaks to us of individual worth and of individual responsibility and reminds us that of all the great positions which the human heart can solicit unto itself there is none greater nor loftier nor grander than to be the prime means for good in the hands of an Almighty Doer!

God's purpose in history and the individual as the prime means by which this purpose is carried out,—these are the themes that have appealed to us; but another follows close upon these,—man's opportunity and its profound significance in the shaping of our lives. These are significant days in which we are called upon to bid farewell to Augustana; for we have gathered from every part of our land to do honor to those whose noble minds attributed to opportunity not a single element of chance or of coincidence. Their very lives were great opportunities well taken care of and faithfully observed; their faith in God's guidance has for a half century found expression in the teachings of the institution within whose walls we as a class have been occupied these several years. Few of us will in years to come be able to strew the way to the sun with a dollar a mile, and few of us will ever find our names classed with "the idols of the human race"; few

of us will ever be known because of having swerved the current of human progress with a single gesture,—and, indeed, worldly significance of any sort whatever may come to not one of us. Yet golden moments to every one of us shall send precious messages calling for quick and indispensable action on our part, and if our lives shall once bear record of having heeded the still small voice coming from the unexpected direction, it shall be said of us that we knew our opportunities and that therefore we lived not in vain. Granted that the future is a region of sternest reality where the heartiest friendship and the bitterest antagonism are but the varied experiences of a single hour: it is *not* a sea whose raging billows offer to the sailor but one possibility of reaching the harbor and that the possibility of chance.

Opportunity is often called blind—yet it knows every man; proud—yet it serves the great and small alike; frivolous—yet it deceives no one. It comes in the grotesque attire of mirth or the sombre garments of sorrow; the gaudy finery of wealth or the torn tatters of a pauper. It meets you at every turn, it sits on every doorstep. It has ten thousand imitators, yet it is like unto none of them. Though its entrance is everywhere solicited and its wealth without limit, yet it prefers the company of the lowly and tenders its gifts to the meek and the humble. It appears but to those who have faith in God written on the tables of the heart, and only those who have *seen* Opportunity can *know* Opportunity. Such is Opportunity. Its way is hidden; its power, unlimited; its purpose, holy; its home—with God!





## Class Song.

Words: C. E. G. OLSON.

Music: E. G. C. HOGREN.

Thy banner, Augustana, wave  
O'er Zion hill so bold,  
The victory is won; let proudly wave  
Thy colors, blue and gold.

"To know thyself", to think to do;  
Our Alma Mater has taught  
Success will follow everyone  
Who has her wisdom sought.

A tower staunch and firm thou'st stood  
For two score years and ten;  
A cheering light for truth and good  
Thou'st given to all thy men.

We leave thy portals with regret,  
Our life's great sea to sail;  
Thy lessons we shall ne'er forget,  
Whether calm we meet or gale.

And now when we in Jubilee,  
In reverence at thy gate are bending,  
We vow to thee, to faithful be;  
God speed from loving hearts ascending.

## Salutatory.

R. A. JACOBSON.

The members of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten, the Jubilee class of the College of Liberal arts, have the pleasure of extending to you a most cordial welcome to the class-day program of this evening. It is also our privilege to welcome you to the different exercises in connection with the Fiftieth anniversary celebration of Augustana College and Theological Seminary. We do, indeed, consider this a rare privilege, in as much as this is the greatest and most unusual occasion in the history of our institution.

The year Nineteen Hundred and Ten is a most memorable one to us as a Swedish Lutheran people. It marks the passing of the fiftieth mile-stone in the history of the Augustana Synod and of Augustana College and Theological Seminary. Fifty years ago a mere handful of hardy and God-fearing pioneers launched upon the

prairies of Illinois an institution of learning. Small and unassuming was its humble beginning; great were the sacrifices and privations of these early founders in their efforts to establish and support a Christian school and to organize congregations on these American shores. Yet through the years of this past half century, the works of these noble men have triumphed, and to-day Augustana towers a mighty beacon light, ranking both in size and importance with any of the leading colleges of the Middle West.

It is a fact worthy of notice that our founders, whose memory we honor, immediately upon coming to these shores, erected an altar upon which they might preserve that sacred fire which they had brought with them from their ancestral homes. That we as a people, during these past fifty years, have kept these fires



aglow, that we have united our efforts in preserving and enriching the heritage to which we have succeeded, that we to-day are gathering around that sacred altar, shows that we are more intent than ever before to do our share in the upbuilding of the American nation by aiding true Christian culture. In short we are conscious of our great opportunities as a people. We have improved the golden moments of op-



R. A. JACOBSON.

portunity and have caught the good that has been within our reach.

In this connection it is an important fact that the members of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten have chosen as their motto, which has guided their actions during the past four years, and which will also lead them in after life, the significant words: "Know Thy Opportunity". A great truth lies hidden in these few simple words. Oliver Cromwell has well expressed it: "Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking". Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them. Every-

one must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that day and in that hour the chance of a life time faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully, and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come, whether open-faced or disguised. "Know Thy Opportunity!" In these words lies the history of Augustana, the history of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

History is a great romance. Fancy and reality are blended in almost imperceptible gradations. The true and the false play through such mystical lights that the one seems scarcely distinguished from the other. But with all the varying accidents the record of history is a story of triumph of substance over mere shadow. As we look back upon the history of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten we realize more than ever before that it has been a great romance with many interesting chapters and a most happy ending. It has not been without its struggles and conflicts; fickle fancy and stern reality have often conflicted. But to-day as we consider our history, it is a story of triumph. For four years our little fleet has been riding in harbor; to-day the anchors are weighed, and slowly we drop together down the tide. A few hours more and these clustering sails will be scattered and fading specks each in its own horizon straining or drifting towards its goal. And now as we linger in the narrows, side by side, we turn from the specific ills and fallacies to the thought of some worthy life principle, the vision of some high and comprehensive ideal which may reawaken, as we part, our finest purpose and devotion.

As we to-day approach the hours of parting, and begin to realize the honor that is



ours, we cannot but think of those noble fathers who so grandly revoiced the great evangelic truths to our generation, and to whose patrimony of unadulterated faith we have succeeded. At the same time we lift our voices in heart-felt thanks to those who have sacrificed that we might enjoy the privileges of education, in gratitude to those who by their words and examples have labored with us and have been the means of moulding our lives. As we leave the threshold of the institution, which has become so dear to us, and enter upon the great fields which lie before us, and as we cast away our college privileges and pleasures and assume the graver burdens of life, we look back upon these years and view them as the May day of our life. We, now the members of the partnership of man, who have been permitted to withdraw during these years for sequestered study, to appropriate the best heart and brain of the century, to interpret the autobiography of the earth and the message of the stars, to read the present in the light of the past and to forecast the morrow from the trend of to-day, we do not clutch these manifold gifts without a feeling of debt to our noble founders; we do not appropriate our many blessings without a prayer of thanksgiving to those who have made our progress and success possible. Aye, were there no question of duty, from sheerest gratitude our life should shower into service to make ourselves worthy of the institution which we are to claim as our Alma Mater. This is not a matter of sentiment; scholarship is a trust, and woe to the steward who turns a miser. "The true scholar", Emerson has said, "grudges every opportunity of action passed by, as a loss of power". May our class motto therefore, always be our life motto: "Know Thy Opportunity".

Four long, but seeming short years we

have been together as a class within the walls of Augustana. Amid all the studying, planning, burning the midnight oil, struggles, disappointments, heart-aches, failures, joys and pleasures this year, this day has been the goal of all our strivings. The college days of the Nineteen Tens are drawing to a close. We know it by the feeling of pride and the sinking of heart within us. This is our year; this is our day, the class day of the Jubilee class of Augustana. Many other classes have come and gone before our reign, and others will succeed us. But Nineteen Ten is different, just a little different, from all the others, past and future. The class of 1877 has the distinction of being the first that graduated from Augustana. An honor, indeed, it is to the man who to-day can say: "I was a member of the class of 1877." The class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten enjoys a similar distinction; it is the Jubilee class, the class which passes out as graduates from Augustana on the occasion of the institution's Fiftieth anniversary. Like the class of 1877, it enjoys the distinction of being the only one of its kind. To the class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten is also attached considerable historical importance. With its name are associated the different great historical events of the Jubilee year, the munificent gift of the Denkmann Memorial Library, which means so much to us as an institution, the creation of the Jubilee Endowment Fund, whose value for the future cannot be overestimated; and lastly, the fiftieth anniversary celebration of our church and school. All these happy memories go hand in hand with that of the Jubilee class.

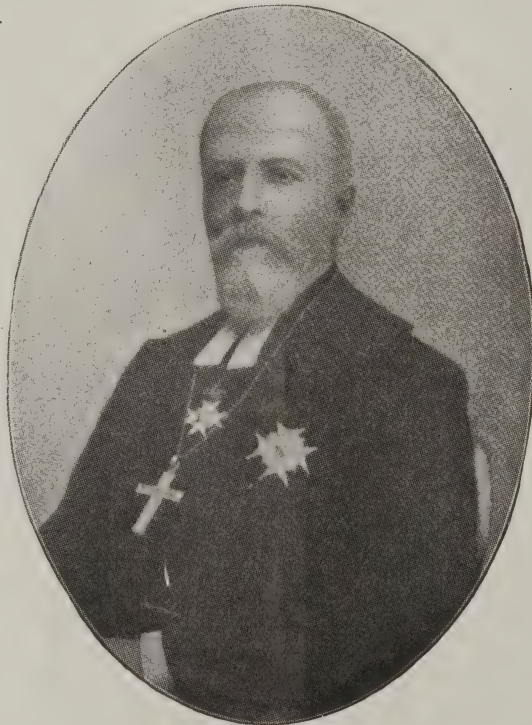
To-night you have been invited to participate with us in our class day exercises. Upon this occasion you will be given the privilege of viewing the various pictures



of our college life. The class poetess will introduce the different class members to you, portraying each by the different traits and little characteristics, by which we have made ourselves known. The class historian will unveil the fair pages of history disclosing the many great and glorious deeds of this illustrious class. The class orator will take you on the wings of oratory through the mystic realms of philosophy and back to earth again. The class prophet will project himself into the far distant future and by means of his prophetic power disclose the destiny which lies before us. As the different pictures

of college life are unfolded to you, we ask that you will receive them in the same spirit as that in which they are drawn. As the different representatives entertain you with joke and satire, as we chide one another, let it be understood that it is all done in the simple spirit of college fun; good friendship and kindly feelings are the motives.

Again in behalf of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten, I extend to you a most cordial welcome to the class day exercises of this evening, and to the different festivities of Jubilee week.



BISHOP K. G. GEZ. VON SCHÖELE.

## Jubilee Program.

### Commencement Week, June 5th—9th, 1910.

Sunday,  
June 5th.

- 10:00 A. M. *Baccalaureate Sermon*, President Gustav Andreen, Ph. D.  
 2:30 P. M. *Greetings from the Colleges and Academies of the Augustana Synod*:—  
     Gustavus Adolphus College, President P. A. Mattson, Ph. D.  
     Bethany College, President E. F. Pihlblad, D. D.  
     Luther College, President O. J. Johnson.  
     Upsala College, President L. H. Beck, Ph. D.  
     Northwestern College, President A. C. Youngdahl.  
     Minnesota College, President Frank Nelson.  
     Trinity College, President J. Alfred Anderson.  
     Coeur d'Alene College, President J. Jespersen.  
 7:30 P. M. *The Pioneers of Augustana*.  
     Reading of the Scriptures and Prayer, Rev. C. J. Scheleen,  
     Manhattan, Kans.  
     Address, Rev. M. C. Ranseen, D. D., Chicago, Ill.  
     Five-minute Speeches:  
         Rev. P. Beckman, Troy, Idaho.  
         Rev. G. Peters, Rockford, Ill.  
         Rev. A. W. Dahlsten, D. D., Windom, Kans.  
         Rev. H. O. Lindeblad, La Grange, Ill.  
         Rev. J. Magny, D. D., Carlton, Minn.  
         Rev. O. J. Siljeström, D. D., Chicago, Ill.  
         Rev. J. Fremling, D. D., Cologne, Minn.  
         Rev. J. Telleen, D. D., Berwyn, Ill.  
     Benediction, Rev. A. Lindholm, Chicago, Ill.

Monday,  
June 6th.

- 10:00 A. M. Jubilee Graduation Recital Augustana Conservatory of Music.  
 1:30—2:45 P. M. 50th Anniversary of the Phrenokosmian Society.  
 3:00 P. M. Invocation, Rev. Dr. H. W. Reed, Rock Island, Ill.  
     *Business and Conservatory Commencement*.  
     Address, Hon. Harry Olson, Chief Justice Municipal Court,  
     Chicago, Ill.  
     Remarks, Consul C. A. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.  
     Address, Gov. C. S. Deneen.  
 5:00 P. M. Lecture in College Chapel by Henrik Schück.  
 8:00 P. M. *Senior Class Day Exercises*.

Tuesday,  
June 7th.

- 10:00 A. M. Invocation, F. N. Swanberg, Holdrege, Nebr.  
     *Historical Session*, Dr. C. M. Esbjörn presiding.  
     Addresses:  
         Rev. E. Norelius, Pres. Augustana Synod, Vasa, Minn.  
         Rev. C. M. Esbjörn, Ph. D., New Haven, Conn.  
         Bishop von Schéele, Sweden.  
 2:30 P. M. Invocation, Rev. T. S. Johnston, Chicago, Ill.  
     *The Sons and Daughters of Augustana*.



In Education, Hon. C. G. Schultz, St. Paul, Minn.  
 In Science, Mrs. K. T. Anderson, Rock Island, Ill.  
 In Medicine, Dr. Joseph Westerlund, Cambridge, Ill.  
 In Law and State, G. B. Anderson, Esq., Chicago, Ill.  
 In Journalism and Literature, Consul G. N. Swan, Sioux  
 City, Iowa.  
 In Charity Work, Rev. C. A. Hultkrans, St. Paul, Minn.  
 In the Church and Theology, Rev. P. M. Lindberg, Omaha,  
 Nebr.

7:30 P. M. Invocation, Rev. A. Hult, Omaha, Nebr.  
*Greater Augustana.*

Addresses:

Gov. C. S. Deneen, Springfield, Ill.  
 Gov. A. C. Eberhart, St. Paul, Minn.  
 Rev. E. Nelander, Ph. D., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Jubilee Poem, E. W. Olson, Chicago, Ill.  
 Torchlight Procession.

Wednesday 9:30 A. M. Invocation, Dr. J. P. Uhler, St. Peter, Minn.  
 June 8th. *Greetings and Responses.*

Address of Welcome, President Gustav Andreen, Ph. D.  
 Responses from Upsala and Lund.  
 Greetings:

On behalf of the Theological Seminaries of the Lutheran  
 Church in America, Adolph Spaeth, D. D., LL. D.,  
 Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 On behalf of the Lutheran Colleges in America, outside  
 the Augustana Synod, Rev. Prof. John A. Haas, D. D.,  
 Allentown, Pa.  
 On behalf of the Colleges of Illinois, Prof. A. R. Taylor,  
 Ph. D., Decatur, Ill.  
 On behalf of the University of Illinois, Dr. Evarts B.  
 Greene, Dean of the College of Litt. and Arts.  
 On behalf of the Western Universities, Prof. A. Stom-  
 berg of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis,  
 Minn.  
 On behalf of the Colleges and Academies of the Augus-  
 tana Synod, Representative from Gustavus Adolphus  
 College, St. Peter, Minn.

2:30 P. M. Students' Session.

3:00 P. M. Program at Denkmann Memorial Library.  
 Address, Rev. Prof. Henry E. Jacobs, D. D., LL. D., Phila-  
 delphia, Pa.

4—6 P. M. President's Reception—Cable Hall and College Chapel.

7:00 P. M. Alumni Banquet.

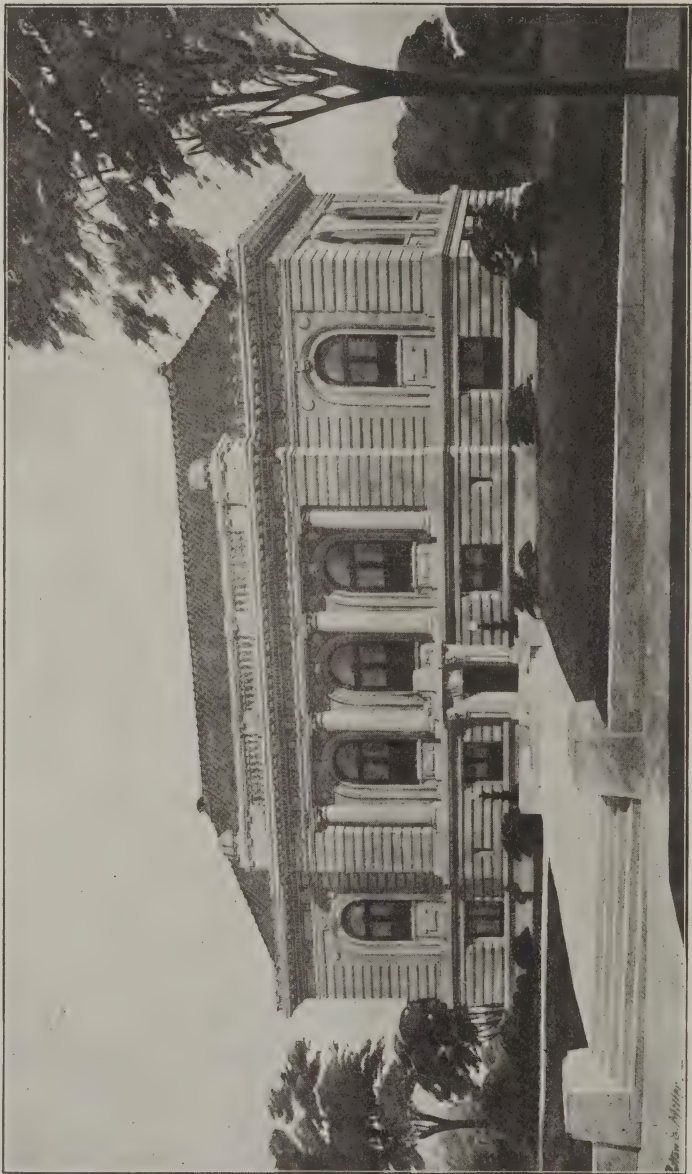
Thursday, 10:00 A. M. Invocation, Rev. C. E. Frisk, Tacoma, Wash.  
 June 9th. *Annual Commencement.*

Address, The Hon. Peter S. Grosscup, Judge U. S. Circuit  
 Court of Appeals, Chicago, Ill.

*The Synod Jubilee Week, June 9th—15th, 1910.*

Thursday, June 9th,	2:00 P. M.	Ministerium.
	4:30 P. M.	Concert by Wennerberg Chorus.
	8:00 P. M.	Sermon, Dr. E. Norelius. Poem, Dr. L. Holmes.
Friday, June 10th.	9:00 A. M.	Ministerium.
	2:00 P. M.	Session of Synod.
	7:30 P. M.	The Mission of the Synod, Dr. J. A. Krantz. Educational work, Rev. C. J. Södergren. The Press, Rev. C. J. Bengston. Prospects, Dr. G. A. Brandelle.
Saturday, June 11th.	9:30 A. M.	Greetings from Church of Sweden, Bishop K. H. Gez. von Schéele. Response by President of Synod.
	2:00 P. M.	The Augustana Synod, considered in its historic, doctrinal and cultural aspect, Dr. L. A. Johnston. Welcome to the guests of honor of the Synod and their greetings.
	8:00 P. M.	Jubilee Concert.
Sunday, June 12th.	10:00 A. M.	Divine Services. Preparatory Sermon, Dr. N. Forsander. Sermon on the Gospel, Dr. C. E. Lindberg. Communion.
	3:00 P. M.	Ordination. Charge to Candidates, Dr. E. Norelius. Sermon (English), Dr. F. Jacobson.
	7:30 P. M.	Our pioneers and their life-work, Dr. L. G. Abrahamson. The Ev. Luth. Church in America, Dr. T. E. Schmauk.
Monday, June 13th.	8:45 A. M.	Devotional exercises, Rev. C. J. Carlson.
	9:00 A. M.	Session of Synod.
	7:30 P. M.	Missions: Home Missions, Rev. P. Peterson. Telugu Mission, Dr. C. W. Foss. China Mission, Rev. F. Wyman. Porto Rico Mission, A. Ostrom.
Tuesday, June 14th.	8:45 A. M.	Devotional exercises, Rev. C. E. Olsson.
	9:00 A. M.	Session of Synod.
	2:00 P. M.	Session of Synod.
	7:30 P. M.	The Women's missionary activities. The Women Missionary Society's history, Rev. A. Norr- Woman in the congregation, Dr. Philip Andreen. Woman's contribution to Home and Foreign Missions, Dr. G. Rast.
Wednesday June 15th.	8:45 A. M.	Devotional exercises, Rev. A. P. Westerberg.
	9:00 A. M.	Session of Synod.
	7:30 P. M.	The brethren called home, Dr. E. Lund. The Church militant, victorious and triumphant, Dr. S. G. öhman.





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# The Central Idea of the Twentieth Century.

C. O. BENGTON.

EVERY age, which marks a turning-point in man's upward progress in history, has its central thought or idea, about which all its events, no matter how seemingly incongruous they may be, are clustered in beautiful harmony. Thus as we look back to the sixteenth century, the period of emergence from darkness to light in spiritual things, we find the grand idea of that period to be: the individual's own responsibility before God for his salvation, and we note that all things, either by opposing or complementing this idea serves to make it conspicuous. Again, when we call to mind the events which took place in the latter part of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, we find them all, whether it be the French Revolution, or the various reform movements in other countries resulting from the Revolution, which is uppermost in our minds, centered about the idea, that sovereignty resides, not in the would-be master of a people, but in the people themselves.

Usually, the central idea of an age of transformation is summed up in some striking phrase, which, while it characterizes the age, serves also as a war-cry to rally its diversified forces about the central theme. Thus the slogan of the age of the Reformation was: "Justification by Faith alone", that of the age of political Revolution: "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

To-day we are living in an age, which by those who shall follow us, will, no doubt, be looked upon as a turning-point in the world's upward progress. Tremendous forces are at work silently transforming our trend of thought and mode

of life. Great movements tending toward reconstruction are afoot in every department and sphere of human activity.

As we look out upon human life as it presents itself to-day, we see perhaps only an endless turmoil without an evident purpose, an ever increasing restlessness of activity without reason or plan. Is there then in this metamorphosis no centralizing principle, no main theme about which present day activities are being grouped and harmonized? We believe that there is, and though we cannot hope fully to understand our age, lacking as we do the perspective, which time alone can give, from which properly to view it, we can at least form an opinion, approximately correct, and learn to assume an attitude, whereby we shall fall in line with the forces marshalled in behalf of the good and avoid taking sides with the evil, or what is equally bad, being "a reed shaken with the wind". But if we are to gain this light, we shall be obliged to lay prejudice aside, and come to the judgment with open, honest minds, weighing the evidence as it is, not as we desire it to be.

Coming thus we can scarcely avoid perceiving an ever growing predisposition on the part of man, toward a realization of the relationship, in which he stands to the human race as a whole. It would seem that the narrow race prejudices of the past are being done away with, and that man is entering into a state of conditions, which tend to make possible in fact the visions of the prophets, who foretold the coming of a day in which humanity should look upon itself as one vast family, should recognize in actual life the unity which has been a theme for the songs of poets

in all ages. This becomes the more conspicuous to our minds the more we note its absence in former periods of history. There was a time, when a mountain-range or a river was sufficient to separate and make alien peoples sprung from a common ancestry, when morality was looked upon as necessary to be practiced toward the members of one's own tribe only, and when to perpetrate a crime against a foreigner was considered a virtue. The old Vikings, for example, though they boasted honesty and open-heartedness, can scarcely be said to have made good that claim, except in dealings with their friends, it being thought by them no breach of veracity to deceive an enemy. And even in more enlightened societies of the past, the same principle holds true. The Greeks and Romans looked upon all the world besides themselves as despicable and barbarian; the Hebrew pronounced all men, not of his own nationality, heathen and ungodly; the English, when building up their colonial empire, exploited and even exterminated the natives whose land they had invaded; the Americans, and that is but a few decades ago, while proclaiming that all men are created free and equal, made slaves of those whose color was not white.

Modern conditions show plainly the tendency toward development in an opposite direction. Modern commerce, with its time and space annihilating modes of conveyance has brought the ends of the world into touch, and has made foreign lands and customs, once strange and fantastic because unfamiliar, seem commonplace: modern industry with its huge combinations of capital has intermingled men of all nationalities, transplanting them at will from one country to another, and has made them feel, that despite peculiarities of nativity, they have, in their common

responsibility to a common management, a common cause, while resulting organizations of labor, with their ever widening scope, have given rise to a feeling of universal interdependence; modern science, with its emphasis upon the relationship of all forms of life and the sameness of all human life, has added the weight of con-



C. O. BENGTSON.

scious purpose to the movement toward the recognition of unity. Add to all this, the breaking down of creed differences, fast taking place within the church, the ever growing popularity of that so-called liberality of mind, which will found its opinions by no considerations of dogma or tradition; and the loss of the sentiments of nationality by the ultra rich and the ultra poor, and, does it seem unreasonable to say that our age marks an epoch in the progress of the world's history, and that the central idea of the twentieth century concerns itself with the unification of the human race, and may well



be expressed in the one word, "cosmopolitanism"?

But what means this growing sentiment of human oneness? Does it signify that the individual, with all that goes to make up his true individuality viz. his personal traits, his religion, his home, and his country is to be crushed out, and that he is to sink his life into the life of the social whole, and become a mere unit in a self-operating social machine? Or does it signify that the spirit of cosmopolitanism is paving the way for a world-wide empire, in which the good things of life shall be monopolized by a few, and the dream of the Caesars shall at last be realized? Either alternative may seem likely if we consider how individuality more and more is being sacrificed to fashion, fad, and custom among the fortunate, and is being denied development among the poor; how the number of the poor is daily increasing; and how voters and governments bow in submission to the dictates of a few. But if we shall have strength to raise ourselves above immediate and apparent results and follow, imperfectly though it be, the finger of the Almighty, as he marks out his world-embracing plans, we shall perhaps discern in the present tendency toward cosmopolitanism the promise of a richer, a fuller, and a more harmonious life for the individual of the future, than has ever been possible in the past. Or is it reasonable to suppose that our age should stand as a grand example of retrogression, and hence be the one exception of all history to the law of human progress? For is it not true that every real improvement in the life of society, marks a corresponding improvement in the life of the individual, and that there can be no such thing as real advance in civilization where the individual is not raised to a higher level? By reason of

this negative truth, had we nothing else on which to base our hopes, we should have cause enough to be content and to sing with the poet, "God is in his world, And all is well".

But we need not base our hopes on negations alone. We find if we glance at the movements of benevolence, which in recent times have sprung into existence, that not every cosmopolitan influence rests on a selfish basis, or a basis disregarding what is due the individual. \* Yet these movements are truly cosmopolitan in their purpose and scope. We have indeed many and beautiful examples of benevolence from the past, but usually, owing either to insurmountable circumstances or to prejudice, the scope of activity coincided with the boundaries of one's country or the membership of one's religious denomination. To-day such limits are fast disappearing, and the heart of mankind is going out in sympathy to the unfortunate, be their condition, their nationality, or their creed what it may. The soldier dying upon the battle field of the country, whose homes he had come to destroy, as well as the one who shed his blood in defense of those homes; the destitute child of the slums, as well as the destitute child of good parentage; the juvenile criminal gone wrong because he did not know the right, and the criminal hardened in sin; the erring woman; the drug-slave; the drunkard, all are objects of the same compassion and beneficence. And more than this, there is to-day a greater number of men and women than there has ever been before who have made it their life-work to care for the erring, the needy, and the suffering. They have entered the work because they have felt the ties of brotherhood, which draw them toward the helpless of their kind, and because they have learned that they are indeed their broth-

er's keepers. They have come not as those who would bestow an alms, but as those who give themselves in sympathy and love with their gifts.

Charity of to-day is not unorganized and spurious, but cosmopolitan even in its systematic methods. We find this exemplified in such movements as the anti-saloon agitation and the recent anti-white-slavery movement. The former of these is inspired not alone by a desire to save the drunkard, but as well to safeguard the home and to protect society; the latter is not alone an attempt to make possible the reform of those who have fallen, but to purge society, and thus save the race from degradation. The truth is being realized, that reform is possible only when the public conscience demands it, and lasting only when it can be made to be considered a common cause. This is accomplished only by systematically keeping the public informed and aroused to a feeling of interest.

But charity of to-day, though cosmopolitan in its nature, does not, as we have said, rest on a basis disregarding what is due the individual. Rather the individual and his welfare has been made the care of the many. We have a splendid example of this in organized labor. The laborers have bound themselves together, not only to protect their rights as a class, but to help each other in the time of sickness and bereavement, thus making the burdens of the one, the burdens of all. So, too, in the social reforms of our day. Misdirected as some of the efforts may be, the spirit most in evidence is beyond question a desire so to adjust conditions that the individual shall no longer take up the struggle for existence alone and unaided, and thus in the conflict be put to disadvantage, but shall in such a manner be succored by his more fortunate fellows,

that he shall have opportunity to realize a full and completed life. And, where some unfortunate one, conquered either by inherent weakness, or adverse circumstances, has gone down in the conflict and laid himself liable to public correction, the spirit of reform cries out against revenge by society, and pleads for a judicial system based on the principles of instruction and help.

Most harmonious in its recognition of the rights of the individual together with the best interests of the race is beyond question the missionary movement of to-day. Inspired by a zeal for the spread of the gospel, greater than any which has been witnessed since the days of the apostles, men and women are sacrificing their comforts and braving every form of danger that they may teach man that all who have a human soul are the children of one Heavenly Father, and should be brethren in one Christ. The blessed message of peace, which they bring, has power to subdue all passion, remove all prejudice, and centralize interests as nothing else can. Yet not for one moment is the individual lost sight of, for it is upon the inestimable value of each soul that the superstructure of all true Christian activity must rest. Christianity, though emphasizing as nothing else in all the world can, the unity and brotherhood of all mankind, emphasizes likewise as nothing else can, the rights of the individual.

In view of all this, we ask again, does it seem unreasonable to contend, that the central idea of our age concerns itself with the oneness of the human race, that it strives toward such an elevation of the individual that he shall find his true place in society as the member of a vast family, a world-embracing brotherhood, and that this idea may be tersely expressed by the word cosmopolitanism? Let it be remem-



bered, however, that when we thus use the word, we are not concerned with a cosmopolitanism like that of Goethe, which bids us disregard the tender ties, that bind us to home and fatherland, nor like that of those, whose aim is the destruction of order and the establishment of anarchy. No, it is cosmopolitanism prefixed by the word Christian; it is a recognition of the band of fraternity, which binds us to every living soul, be he exalted or lowly, rich or poor, wise or foolish, black or white, but at the same time it is a recognition of all that we owe to ourselves, all truly worthy of us. It would appear that, after twenty long centuries, men are at last beginning to think the thoughts of the Divine man after him, and to do the work he outlined and exemplified. They seem to be learning that it is preeminently their business to "Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

Heal the sick and lead the blind."

That this is a paradox, we are well aware, when we note how prevalent still is the selfishness of man, how there are those who still enrich themselves by crushing out the lives of their fellows, and how yet to-day traffic is made in human souls. Nor are we willing to classify ourselves with the blind optimists, who cry "'Peace, peace', where there is no peace." But it seems to us, that even as in a great orchestra, where many instruments play many parts, and all would be confusion did not some common melody, guiding and directing the parts of all, give harmony and beauty that even so amidst the turmoil and unrest of to-day there is a centralizing idea lending harmony and beauty to the activities of our century, and that because of this we may well be hopeful for the dawn of a brighter future.



## Class Poem.

Cora M. Benster.

The initials carved on class-room desks,  
The pathway deepened upon the stair,  
Laurels our debaters won in strife,  
Honors won for the "A" everywhere,  
The call of the three strike chapel bell,  
The lure of the lane and Zion Hill —  
These we relinquish, but cannot forget,  
We would gladly claim them still.  
But the memory remains of the old roll call  
And the deeds of the mighty men,  
Who belonged to the inimitable Jubilee class,  
The class of Nineteen Ten.

There is Skarstedt, you know, the versatile  
man,  
Who reigned o'er the seniors a year.  
His violin was his greatest love;  
None other he held quite so dear.

Cheerful and happy always is Olson;  
No one can imagine him cross.

He has ability, too, for the class song he  
wrote;  
Without him we'd be at a loss.

You remember the pride that the seniors  
showed  
When the Wennerberg Chorus appeared.  
'Twas for Ryden, Westlund, Skarstedt and  
Hogren,  
That the seniors so madly cheered.

Elmer Hogren, the tenor of fastidious taste,  
To artistic things was inclined;  
We wondered how Westlund, the custos,  
could drive

Absent marks and U. S. mail from his mind.

And who can forget Bessie Bladel, the girl  
With brown hair and brown eyes of a child.  
When seeking some book in her locker at  
school,

How neatly her books were all piled!

Charming is she with a charm that grows,  
On knowing her more and more.  
Happy-hearted and true, but not quite de-  
voted

To a life of acquiring great lore.

Bengtson, you know, often travelled away  
To return at a much later date;  
A debater he is, on whom we rely.  
He's the deliberate kind—not sedate.

Immobile in features, not small in size,  
Is Bergman, who does excel  
In moving kings and queens at his will  
And bishops, too, so they tell.

His sphere of power to castles extends.  
From this it is easy to guess  
That he our champion player is  
In that profound game of chess.

You'll remember the solos that Bostrom  
could sing,  
And his fondness for hot peppermint,  
And you know how well he could often dis-  
course  
With minds of Anna-logical bent.

Not alone on the diet that book-worms en-  
joy,  
Thimell inspiration gains.  
He confesses a liking for good things to eat,  
O'er the "Delicatessens" he reigns.

Social, jolly, a most loyal friend  
Is Bloom acknowledged to be,  
And yet they admit he has views of his own,  
And to everything cannot agree.

By this you can see he is no mere bud.  
In the flower of his youth is Bloom,  
Who in Galesburg's climate flourishes best;  
To say why, we couldn't presume.

The stature short, the red rose cheeks,  
How could you describe him better?  
'Tis Elmer Swanson, who is so renowned  
For his frequent request for a letter.

You'll remember the learning that Carlberg  
possessed,  
And better still, his profile,

His love for the Annual, and then, too, the  
Miss  
That meant more to him than a mile.

Two seminarians has Nineteen-Ten  
In Nelson and Henrickson.  
Quite anxious are they that their school  
work  
Be completely and quickly done.

Dark and gracious is Nelson of Monmouth,  
Who is fond of Trig, they say.  
This is believed by all, for we all  
Have studied it in our day.

In class meeting often did Henrickson share  
In discussion. And now like a seer  
We can predict from his forensic powers,  
The success of his future career.

P. G. Carlstedt is known in athletics  
But brain is allied with his brawn.  
In class he presents arguments that would  
keep  
Most of us thinking 'till dawn.

What friends, indeed, were Jennie and Ida,  
With talents all balanced correctly.  
When one of them came, why, the other  
one came  
Or appeared in the background directly.

Golden hair and the latest coiffure  
You remember was Jennie's style.  
Talk, a good time and a "certain large party"  
Do her short days beguile.

You'll recall how delightful Ida could be,  
How sweet and always how dear.  
Now as a senior, her dreams realized,  
Michigan will claim her, we fear.

From the well known city of Orion,  
In that interesting, much-sought land,  
Comes Samuelson with the face of Apollo,  
Who plays a horn in the band.

An analytical nature has E. Edwin Ryden.  
He is especially strong in debates,  
And his success in this field is due both to  
work  
And to talents bestowed by the fates.



In the band he bears a prominent part;  
 He is calm on good days or muddy,  
 And everyone knows, he cannot be thought  
 His big brother's understudy.

Oh, learned, indeed, is Hans Pearson—the  
 one

Who can answer all questions you ask.  
 Before he even recites, he is given a major,  
 Getting lessons to him is no task.

A hero we have in this class of ours—  
 The pride of our own Alma Mater.  
 Norberg finds prizes in unusual spots,  
 By swimming for them—in the water.

And if one ever hungered for real true fame,  
 And various medals like his,  
 'Twould be fair to admit from the very start,  
 His reputation quite enviable is.

In sciences good, dry, and indifferent, shines  
 Nels Oscar Montan's name.  
 Conscientious, absorbed, deeply interested,  
 he  
 Deigns to know just one fair dame.

Recall, when you open the Annual  
 Of the class of Nineteen-Ten,  
 The one who urged you to make haste  
 With the products of your pen.

As editor of the Jubilee  
 "Jake" was burdened with care.

Perhaps in some journalist Hall of Fame,  
 We'll for this inscribe his name there,

J. V. Benson, who responds to one other  
 name,

Has threaded the scholastic maze.  
 He's the valuable relic, a hearty survivor  
 Of the good old football days.

A brother in name but not in fact,  
 Is the tempestuous Benson, L. B.  
 The distance away from whose wedding day  
 Is the matter of one degree.

History tells us of great and old sages,  
 Lindeblad is their rival, they say.  
 In him we meet Socrates living,  
 And we'll believe it a while anyway.

Of Cora Benster there is naught to say  
 Though in truth I know all about her.  
 But when a person says that of her friend  
 It is wisest not to doubt her.

These are the names on the old class roll,  
 The people whom well you know.  
 Their faces, their hobbies, their pleasures  
 and all  
 Out from your memories grow.  
 They would con their lessons in these dear  
 halls,

They would claim Alma Mater again,  
 But into the sea now they pilot their way,  
 The Seniors of Nineteen-Ten.





SENIOR CLASS 1910.



## History of the Nineteen-Tens.

L. B. BENSON.

Once more the hand on the great dial of time points to the fact that another college year has passed and that the history of another class is to be told. It is the history of the Jubilee class, the class of 1910.

In the Fall of 1903, as Augustana College opened her portals, fifty students hailing from eight different states presented themselves for enrollment and thus became the first class in the academy.

Having the same idea as so many others, namely, that every iota of Latin and Algebra must be learned, no time was spent for recreation, but we devoted ourselves continually to imbibe as much as possible out of the fountain of knowledge, and therefore, ere we knew it, the school year had passed. When next we assembled, we were enrolled in the second class. Thirty-nine members constituted the class; twenty-seven of these had stood side by side the previous year; the twelve new members were soon made to feel that in this class there was a bond of union which could not be severed. Basket ball was the chief feature of this year as well as of the following year. The third year our roll call numbered thirty members, coming from nine states. By this time we had gotten a view of school life and found that it was sprinkled with pleasure, seemingly more so now than before. It was therefore with joyful hearts that we returned to Augustana in the Fall of 1906 and were enrolled as Freshmen.

It was the tenth day of September, 1906, that the organization of the Nineteen-Tens was effected. Since that date this class has played a very important part in the history of Augustana. Twenty-

three sturdy, energetic men responded to the call when the class met for the first time in the college "gym". The following officers were elected: President, J. T. Heline; Vice President, Birger M. Beausang; Secretary, R. A. Jacobson; Treasurer, Edw. Ekstrom; Historian, Bert Samuelson. That they were men of purpose and high ideals is shown by the fact that they immediately chose as their standard, truth and purity, symbolized by the class colors, blue and white. Upon this standard we had inscribed the class motto, "Know thy opportunity", which expresses the spirit and purpose of the class. We had now begun our real college career. We were no more associated with the academic department. We were happy and elated over our success during previous years and were anxious to make the best of college

As academics we had drunk deep of the fountain of knowledge, but yet, as we entered upon our college career, we were brought face to face with problems that we had not thought of before. Little did we know of the many difficulties which we would have to encounter. Little did we dream of the battles which would have to be fought. Not only did we have to master the many problems of the classroom, but we had to meet and conquer the wily and ever vigilant sophs. The sophomores had suffered humiliating defeats during the previous year and they were now anxious to inflict similar punishment upon their under-classmen. As they were superior in number and seeing the freshmen class well organized, they soon began to show themselves obnoxious, being confident that they at any time could outwit the freshies.

It was a custom in those days for the graduates of Augustana to hang a portrait of their class in the College Pharmacy, but that the portrait of the sophomores should be hung in this hall of fame and that it should occupy the same position as that of the venerable graduates of Augustana was more than the freshmen were willing to grant. It was therefore resolved that the picture be removed, and one night, no one knows just when or how, it was quietly removed. The sophs vowed vengeance. The strife between the two classes was on in real earnest. Rooms were searched and freshies' trunks ransacked but of no avail—the picture was not to be found. Night after night the sophs shadowed the freshmen, hoping to catch someone and compel him to reveal the hiding place of the picture, but the freshmen were too cunning and escaped the wrath of the sophs.

The sophs were at a loss what to do, but they contented themselves with "at the banquet of the insolent freshmen, we will wreak vengeance." Weeks before the banquet, one could see the lonely sophomore listlessly making his beat up and down the college campus and always on the alert for any stray freshies. The freshmen met in secret session. Plans were made to have the banquet at the Harper House. Rumors circulated. The sophs were more alert than ever before. The guarding force was increased. Signals could be heard in the silent night as the restless sophs spied some stranger approaching. No freshmen could be seen, they were busy "drinking deep at the Pierian spring." Oh, if only the banquet would be a thing of the past, was the wish of the sophomores, as they stood on the street corners shivering from the effects of the cold winter air.

At last, March 14, the night of the memorable freshman banquet arrived. The

freshmen were on their way to the brilliant banquet hall, their hearts overflowing with joy. The Harper House was reached but the entrance was barred by sophs. The clash began. The struggle was on. The freshman president was to be the prize, but foiled in this attempt, they decided to carry away as many others as possible. The peace and calm of the Harper House was changed in a moment, when two of our sturdy men were about to enter, for just then several sophs pounced down upon them and led one across the river to Davenport, while the other was forced into a vehicle hired for that purpose. In the twinkling of an eye they were off, but ere they had gone far their hats, in a mysterious way were removed. Who could they be? Who did it? They looked and behold, there behind the seat stood the heroic freshman partner. Like a brave Amazon she fought for the rescue of the captive. As the army of France was inspired by the heroine, Joan of Arc, so was this gallant freshman inspired by the courage of this noble-hearted woman. He raised himself, endowed with almost superhuman strength, and in a moment the sophs were conquered and the freshman with his partner, their faces radiant with the joy of victory, left the vanquished sophs in their greatly embarrassed condition, and proceeded to the banquet hall where they, with jubilant voices, were received by the waiting freshmen. The evening festivities now began. The elegant banquet hall with its dazzling brilliancy was filled with merry faces. Eloquent toasts were given and a most enjoyable evening was spent until we returned home at a late hour, giving our class and college yells as we arrived at the college grounds. The next day the freshmen appeared in their blue caps, which seemed to attract the attention of the sophs very much and even at times



one could see them attempt to "nab" one and make their get-away.

The next event of any importance was the freshman-sophomore basket ball game. It was played March 11. The gym was filled to its utmost capacity. Everywhere before the game was begun, one could hear the spectators whispering that it would be an easy victory for the "naughty



L. B. BENSON.

nines". The game was contested with equal desperateness, but the result showed the victory to be ours.

Another memorable event in the history of the freshmen was the camping party at Woodworth's Grove, twenty miles up the Mississippi. All of those who were present recall with pleasure the incidents connected with the camp; the stories and stump speeches at night; the bass and trout which "Ted" and "Olley" caught and the delicious spring chicken which "Beau" and "Jake" bought (?) from the farmers. Night passed quickly by and the

sun shone forth in all its magnificent splendor, signifying to us that we could spend a beautiful day in the woods. Various games were engaged in during the day. Although being unfortunate in having none of the fair sex in the freshman year, we nevertheless enjoyed a dainty meal before our return. After the pleasant outing came the week for examinations. We all passed and spent a happy vacation, returning and enrolling as sophomores, September 1, 1908. Only fourteen members of the previous freshman class returned, but these were joined by thirteen other students coming from various institutions of learning. The sophomore class now numbered twenty-seven members.

At the first meeting, September 17, officers were elected as follows: President, Elmer Hogren, who later resigned and was succeeded by Gustav Carlberg; Vice President, F. A. Gustafson; Secretary, Ida Swanson; Treasurer, E. L. Fogelström. As sophomores we had changed from the defensive to the offensive. The Nineteen-Elevens were very aggressive at first, but it did not last long. Judging from past experiences we felt that the only thing to do was to convince them of their inability to cope with us. This they received ample evidence of on the occasion of their excursion to Orion, October 26. Rumors spread of the freshmen's intended trip to Orion, so we hastily decided to meet them at the station and bid them farewell. The freshmen seeing the sophs at the depot feared a battle near at hand. As the two classes stood face to face with each other, the conductor's "all aboard" was sounded. A great confusion arose. The sophs acting quickly, seized a robust freshman and carried him away. The freshmen objected to the idea of one of their number remaining and tried to free their

classmate, but all in vain, for the sophomores had carried him off.

We cared well for our friend and placed before him a goodly spread in a nearby restaurant. A week later the Nineteen Tens were reported to be planning for a banquet. The freshies were immediately up in the air inquiring everywhere if perchance they might be able to find the place and the time it was to be held. The sophomores met in secret session, and having decided to play a ruse on the under-classmen, they departed from the college campus, leaving three of their number as bait. As soon as the freshmen saw the three sophomores there was a general class rush to seize the three victims. In order to blind the freshies an attempt was made to get away. This added new fuel to the freshies' suspicion. They had arranged to have the college bell rung for every sophomore caught. Once! Twice! Thrice! the old bell was tolled. The joy of the freshies was unbounded. "Hurrah! Three captives!" exclaimed the jubilant freshies. Two of the captives, "Claes" and "West", were kept closely guarded in a freshman room. The fate of the third was not so fortunate, for "L. B." was led away towards Moline by three of the strongest men. Fearing the blue-coats and not thinking him safe on the continent, they removed their prize to Campbell's Island. There, like Napoleon on the island St. Helena, he was held at bay and all communication with his fellow classmates cut off. Becoming hungry, the freshies sent an embassy to procure provisions, but being without funds, he returned empty handed. Quickly a decision was made to return with the prisoner and place him with the other two. This was done. In the quarters of the freshies, scanty refreshments were served about midnight and the prisoners were liberated.

The next day disappointment reigned in the freshman camp when they learned that no sophomore banquet had been held and that they had been fooled. The following week the sophomores enjoyed their banquet at the Harper House. Great was the consternation among the freshmen, when they heard of the banquet, but it was too late. Nothing could be done to the merry sophomores. Yes, they sent us a telegram wishing us an enjoyable evening.

During the term, a challenge was received by the freshies to play three games of basket ball. We agreed to play one game. The time came and the game was played. It was closely contested. The victory in the first half was in our favor, but by some mishap the freshmen won in the last half and were declared the victors.

In the literary arena we first made our debut during the sophomore year by rendering a program before the Adelphic society. That we were geniuses in the literary sphere, this program revealed as well as have the debates which have been held with various institutions of learning, for on the debating team our class has always been represented by one or more members, and almost without exception they have gloried in victory, bringing honor, not only to themselves, not only to the class of Nineteen-Ten, but to Augustana. Thus, having spent a most pleasant year at our dear Alma Mater, we departed to various places during vacation.

Vacation days came and passed and we returned and were enrolled as juniors. However, only fifteen members of the former sophomore class returned but to these were added six new ones, swelling the membership to twenty-one. The officers elected for this year were as follows: President, Bert Samuelson, Vice President, Roy Thelander, Secretary, Bes-





COLLEGE VIEWS.

sie Bladel, Treasurer, Otto Rostrom. Mr. Boström left college and Mr. M. A. Henrikson was elected to fill the vacancy.

Realizing that the time for college pranks had passed, we directed our efforts to more serious things. During the junior year, much time was spent in deliberating about the publishing of a senior annual. A staff was elected and plans were laid for the coming senior year. It was also our good fortune to have occasion to attend various social functions during the spring term. After three months vacation, we were glad to turn our steps homeward again to dear old Augustana, this time as seniors.

The class of 1910 numbers twenty-eight members, being next to the largest class in the history of our beloved institution. The officers chosen for the senior year were: President, Marcus Skarstedt, Vice President, E. E. Ryden, Secretary, Jennie Nelson and Treasurer, J. V. Benson.

Realizing that our great and glorious college career was soon to be ended we attempted to make the very best of our opportunities. This we have been greatly aided in by our dear and ever beloved class guardian, Dr. Bartholomew, who has ever been willing to give us the very best information possible.

Many great achievements have been accomplished by the class of Nineteen—Ten, but the greatest of all and the first of its kind ever attempted at Augustana is "The Jubilee" which the class has published. We wish that as years roll by and as the members of this class enter upon their various duties of life, filling responsible positions in church and state, that as they turn to the pages of "The Jubilee" it may serve to bring back to memory some of the happy events of college life. If so, the wish of the historian will have been fulfilled.



## From Trinidad to the Straits.

J. E. PAULSON, '13.

THE manoeuvres in the West Indies during the winter of 1902—3 were concluded and we now lay at anchor before the city of Port of Spain, Trinidad. It was the good ship, the U. S. S. Detroit, a second class cruiser, and with us were the U. S. F. S. Newark and the U. S. S. Montgomery; we three comprised the newly assigned South Atlantic Squadron.

Here at Port of Spain we had been given shore leave and found the place quite interesting. The population is mostly black, consisting of negroes and East Indian coolies. The coolies live in a part of the city by themselves and do not asso-

ciate with negroes, who look down on them. They live in their true East Indian way, the men going about wearing only a small breech cloth, the women a thin sleeveless garment and with their necks, arms and wrists covered with beadwork and homemade gold and silver ornaments, while the small children, as in many tropical ports, go about clad only in Nature's covering.

A short ride in the street car, drawn by horses, brought us to a leper asylum just outside the city. As we entered the grounds we saw many of the inmates going about, their arms, legs or heads



bandaged up, many using crutches and canes. We were shown through the various wards by a guard who very kindly informed us of the way of caring for these victims, stopping here and there beside some bed to tell us of the struggles and suffering of this or that poor wretch. The children's ward was the most pitiful to see. Sisters cared for these little ones, some of whom were running about playing, others continually confined to their beds. The inmates were nearly all black, except a few Spaniards and Portuguese, and comprised men, women and children from all parts of the West Indies. Each one had his own cot, chair, dishes and provisions; and visitors were not allowed to touch anything in passing through the wards. How monotonous and tiresome the life of these poor wretches must become in the grasp of this dreadful and as yet incurable disease!

The asylum for the insane was next visited, and then we went about viewing the beautiful groves and orchards of tropical fruits and growths, so plentiful in these regions. Throughout the city were various stores where curiosities and souvenirs were sold, specimens of fishes and birds, and all kinds of sea shells and bead-work.

On January 20, 1903, we prepared to leave Port of Spain, having been there ten days. The Newark and Montgomery were already several days on their journey to the South Atlantic. The U. S. tug Fortune had arrived in the meantime and we received orders to tow her to Montevideo, Uruguay. So on the 21st of January, at early dawn, we weighed anchor and steamed out of the spacious harbor, closely followed by the Fortune. The sea outside was rough and a stiff breeze was blowing, but we managed to give the tug a line, which was made fast to her bow.

We were not fitted for towing, so we experienced considerable trouble with broken tow-lines and cables during our whole journey. Soon we were under way and standing out towards the open sea with our tug in tow. The sea remained a little rough; the flying-fishes darted here and there, now in this direction, now turning in that, now cutting through a high crest and finally burying themselves in the deep blue water only to emerge after a time.

After a three-days journey we reached the mouth of the river on which, at some distance from the coast, lies Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. The Fortune steamed up to the city, but we had to wait for a pilot, who did not reach us till next morning, when we also went up and dropped anchor in the stream before the city. The people were surprised and delighted to see a man-of-war, none having been there for three or four years. All were given shore leave and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, many overstaying their leave and consequently were brought back on board by the police. The inhabitants are largely Dutch, and wooden shoes were an every day sight. After a four days' stay we weighed anchor and descended the river, thence taking our course southward.

The weather was fair and the sea moderate, and in a few days we were off the wide mouth of the Amazon, whose water flows far out to sea, changing the bright blue to a green and then to a muddy color as the shore is approached and making the water almost fresh many miles from the shore. The low land at the mouth was next sighted and then we took our course to port up the Para River to the city of Para, Brazil. Our reception here was not as hearty as at Paramaribo; this was true of most other Brazilian ports also. Our salute of twenty-one guns, fired on entering a foreign port, was not an-

swered till next day. We received no shore leave, as fever was reported ashore. The air was calm and the fierce rays of the sun beat down with such intensity that it was dangerous, for one not accustomed to this heat, to venture out. Guards were stationed about the decks and we were forbidden, under penalty, to go out from under the awnings. So the Brazilians coaled the ship, while we remained in the shade to watch them.

Leaving Para, we steamed out into the broad Amazon again. We had "crossed the line" in going to Para and again in leaving, and were to cross it a third time on going south. This was an eventful trip, for we, who had never crossed the line at sea, were to be initiated into the kingdom of Neptune. Accordingly as we neared the "line", preparations were made. The evening of the day before we were to cross was made interesting by the visit of Neptune, who rose from his submarine throne, trident in hand, accompanied by his wife, Amphitrite, and his train, consisting of guards, a clerk, a dentist, a doctor, a policemen, and a barber. They came on board over the bow and marched aft to inform the captain that on the following day we must turn the ship over into their hands. They disappeared over the bow, but returned the next day and took command of the ship.

All was now ready for the event and everyone who had not "crossed the line" before had to pay tribute or a fine. Most of the officers as a rule pay the fine, while the petty officers and sailors pay the tribute. A large canvas tank had been constructed. The upper deck of the Detroit is not a full deck fore and aft but consists of only the forecastle and poop. At the after edge of the forecastle the tank was placed, reaching down to the main deck below, a distance of about eight feet. This

tank was about half full of salt water. Neptune presided over the ceremonies, standing on the fore-and-aft bridge beside his wife. As the clerk called out the name, each victim approached in turn and seated himself on the after edge of the forecastle with his back to the tank. Of course we had to be clean-shaven, washed and in perfect physical condition before we could become subjects of Neptune. So when the victim was seated, the barber, with a large brush, covered his face, neck and almost every part of the body with a mixture especially prepared for the occasion and consisting of syrup, vinegar, tar, salt, pepper, canned peas, etc. In all, it was a very agreeable mixture. He then shaved him with his wooden razor. The dentist was next and, with a large pair of pinchers in his hand, asked to see the teeth. Woe to the one who opened his mouth, for immediately the doctor inserted a handful of soap pills at the same time as the dentist his pinchers. Then the victim was tumbled backwards into the tank of water where four large guards, called "bears", held him under water and rushed him about until they reached the farther end of the tank, about twenty feet distant, where they threw him out on deck. He was now a true subject of Neptune and returned to the forecastle to watch his shipmates receive their share. If any attempted to escape the initiation, the policeman pursued him, up the rigging, down the fireroom or wherever he might flee. When all had been initiated, Neptune turned the ship over into the hands of the captain again, and with his company disappeared over the bow into the deep blue sea. After a journey of considerable rolling and pitching we reached Bahia, Brazil, on February 13.

The first visitors after the health officer were, as in all ports, the "bum boats."



These are boats which come alongside laden with fruit, candies and whatever the port has that may be desired by the sailors. Bahia has a good harbor, but rather small. We were given no shore leave because of fever ashore, but had occasion to see this place several times on subsequent visits. We coaled, weighed anchor after a two days' stay, and again headed southward with the *Fortune* still in tow. After a pleasant voyage of seven days we reached good old Montevideo, Uruguay. The first land sighted as one approaches this place from seaward is the low mountain around which the city clusters and from which it received its name, being always the first land sighted, as the name indicates. On the summit of this low mountain are the fort and lighthouse. We were given shore leave and found this place the most enjoyable one we had thus far visited. Montevideo is, no doubt, the sailor's favorite port of all the South American ports, for here he is welcomed by all and made to feel at home. The people, mostly Spanish, are very pleasant and we were soon at home among them. A cheer always went through the ship when we learned that the "Mount", as we called it, were our next stop, for we had occasion to come here many times more.

Here we met the *Montgomery* and *Newark* again, and one of us had to tow the tug around to the Pacific. Being the junior ship and the others not caring to undertake the rough trip, we were assigned the duty. We therefore made preparations for a long and severe sea trip, providing ourselves with oilskins, boots and supplies. We coaled the ship from lighters, the bags being already filled, so all we had to do was to hoist them aboard and dump the coal into the bunkers, while the lighter tenders drank their mate and smoked cigarettes. This part of the world

enjoys a very healthful climate, for it is a truly temperate one, having mild winters and cool summers. After taking leave of our new friends, we weighed anchor and set forth southward upon one of the stormiest seas of the world. Our next port was to be Punta Arenas or Sandy Point, popularly called.

The weather was rough the first day out and this increased each day as we steamed on. As an angry beast seeks to drive back an intruder from its territory, so the stormy sea assailed us as we drove headlong into it. But we were safe, for were we not now subjects of the mighty sea-king and under his protection? With our precious charge in tow we steamed on after making very little headway. At times it seemed as if the ship was standing on end, and then she plunged her bow into a huge wave, a green sea rushed aft over the forecastle, clearing it of everything moveable and hiding it under one great foaming, seething mass; then she would roll far over, shipping another sea over the weather rail into the gangway to dart from side to side, until the restless waters had disappeared down the scuppers. We had secured and lashed everything fast for sea before leaving Montevideo, the deck chests and guns lashed to the deck, and the hatches battened down. But how did the *Fortune* fare? She was tossed about like a chip. When in the trough of a huge wave we could not see even her trucks for some time, and then when she shot upward on a huge crest, we could see half of her keel, looking like some great sea bird preparing to leave the water. The waves rose mountain high all about us, and each one of them was covered with a beautiful white cap. Again and again the fires would be thrown from under the boilers of the tug by the severe motion. When the combined

rolling and pitching were very severe, it was almost impossible to move about on deck without a life-line or other support. Many of us were seasick, and the writer had his full share of it; even one old seaman, "Old Cap", who had sailed almost every sea and lived a seafaring life for over thirty years, also became seasick. A favorite trick to play on a seasick sailor was to hold a large piece of fat salt pork in front of his face; the result is more easily imagined than described. The best thing to do when seasick is to put on oilskins, southwester and boots, and go up on the deck where the elements are raging. Our quarters were not comfortable, for the water was continually flooding the decks, coming over the bow, side or in through the hawse-pipes; and often while cold and wet we could find no place to lie or sit and sleep to obtain a few hours of much needed rest. A large canvas was stretched fore-and-aft amidships in the weather gangway to keep out the wind and spray and give us the lee gangway as a passage from forward, aft.

The water and air were full of life. Gulls and mollymawks followed the ship continually and now and then a large albatross appeared, while the stormy petrel, Mother Carey's chickens, playfully skipped over the water in quest of food. The heavens no longer showed the familiar pole star and great dipper; now we saw the more beautiful southern cross, the most striking of the southern constellations.

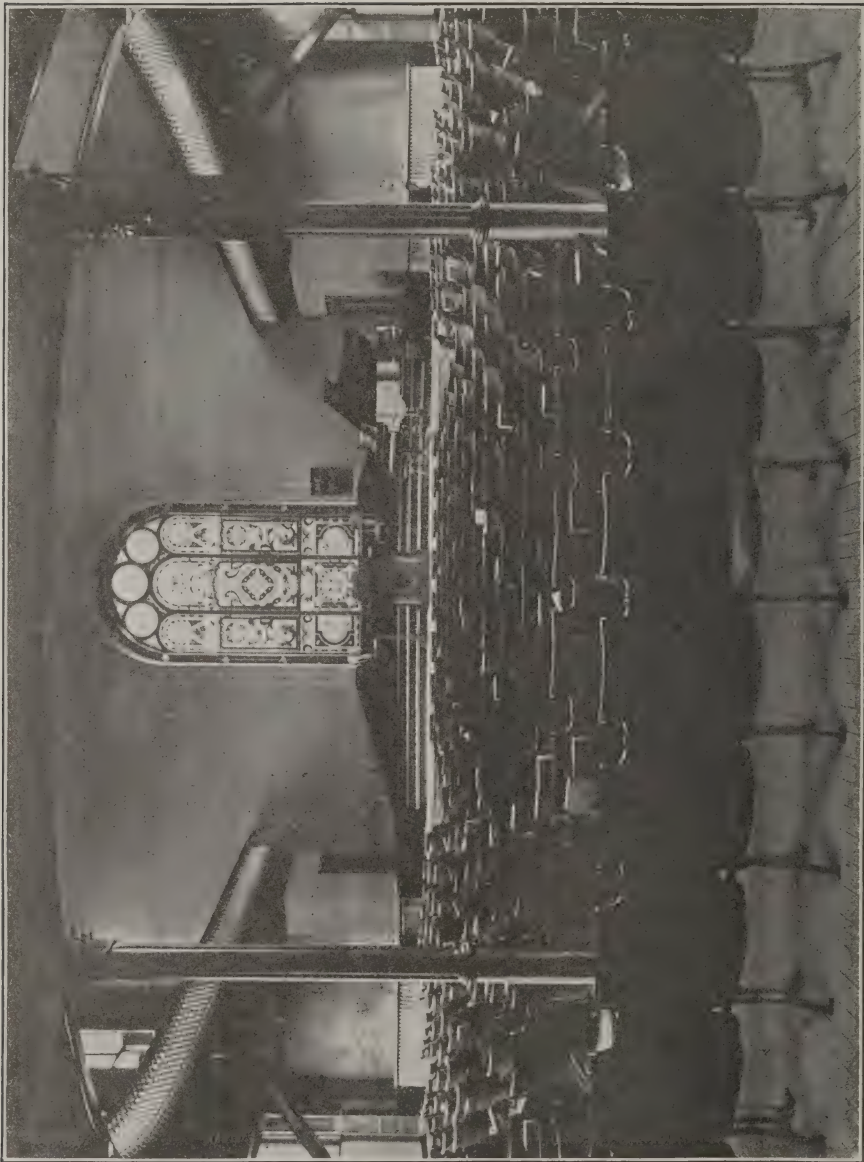
While we rolled and pitched about, our tow-line fared ill. Our rope hawsers broke and we were forced to put out a wire cable, but neither seemed to hold. At any time we expected to see or feel the line break and often, the watch below having turned in and asleep, the word was passed in the dead night, "All hands aft

to man the tow-line. Rouse out. Rouse out." Aft on the poop we would run, the watch below being in their under-clothing only, while the cold blast and sudden motion of the ship made it difficult to keep one's feet under him.

After a week of hardships, well received because not unexpected, we sighted Sandy Point light-house. As we passed it we reported by flag signals who we were, our destination, and our condition. Then we steamed on to the city, meeting on the way a light snowstorm. How quiet and peaceful were these waters as compared with those we had just left behind! That night we received a well earned rest. Punta Arenas is the southernmost city on the globe, and Dr. Cook, the first north pole discoverer, in his interesting work, "Through the First Antarctic Night", has well called it "the world's jumping off place". This place has an instructive history, having originated from a penal settlement established by Chile. We received no shore leave here, but coaled ship from an old barque, and then continued our voyage through the straits, a most fascinating trip and one which is never to be forgotten.

In spite of hardships and seasickness, one who has sailed the deep blue for some years will ever afterward experience a longing for the sea, which sooner or later will be satisfied. But is not the sea monotonous? Does not that vast expanse of water, with no land in sight, become tiresome to the eye and depressing to the spirit? No, truly not. The air and waters teem with life of many kinds. Then there are the soothing sea breezes or the raging tempests; the peaceful sea or the foaming billows; the clear starry heavens or the black, cloud-covered skies; the beautiful sunrises, sunsets and other inspiring phenomena such as cloud bursts, water spouts, rainbows, etc. When all these beauties of nature are appreciated, a life on the sea is not to be surpassed in true enjoyment, and is comparable only to a life in the wilds of nature ashore.





THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.



THE OBSERVER STAFF 1910.



# EDITORIAL

## Augustana Observer

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### THE JUBILEE-SENIOR NUMBER.

As has been customary in the past, the concluding number of THE OBSERVER for the present school year is in the nature of an annual. In previous years the annual OBSERVER has aimed to present to its readers views of school life and descriptions of the various organizations and activities at Augustana as well as to reproduce the papers and addresses presented by the seniors at their class day and commencement exercises. This year the former aim has been more fully covered than the OBSERVER could hope to do, in the senior annual, and therefore the OBSERVER staff has deemed it advisable to

touch upon that ground only in a very limited way in the present issue of the college organ. For that reason no senior editorial staff has cooperated in the work of preparing this number of the OBSERVER and a constant endeavor has been made to prevent the OBSERVER annual from conflicting with the sale and circulation of "The Jubilee 1910."

### A COLLEGE ANNUAL.

For the first time in the history of Augustana an annual truly representative of the school and its work has been issued. The senior class undertook this gigantic task and despite the many obstacles which they found confronting them, they have presented to the students and friends of the institution a volume which is a credit, not only to themselves and their editors, but to the entire school as well. The work is excellent in its arrangement and admirable in its completeness. Especially wonderful does the achievement seem when one considers that the editors have had no precedents to follow and no systematically arranged material with which to work.

In "The Jubilee 1910" a good work has been commenced. Almost without exception, colleges and universities ranking with Augustana in size, produce yearly such a book as that which the class of 1910 has just completed, and there is no reason why our own school should not follow their example. The way has now been paved and the work in the future would be much lighter for the issuance

of a college annual. Such a volume issued from year to year would form a most complete and systematic history of the school that would be highly prized by all students, alumni and others interested in Augustana. May the good work go on!

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### "THE THEOLOGUE."

An article bearing this title, from the pen of a seminary student and appearing in the Senior annual, has caused a furor in the College of Theology. It is to be regretted and deplored that such a misunderstanding has arisen out of what was intended to be a perfectly harmless bit of humor. At a meeting of the Concordia, and later at a meeting of the entire student body of the seminary, resolutions were drawn up requesting that the Senior staff remove the article from their book before same was distributed among the subscribers. Because of the fact that the entire issue of "The Jubilee 1910" was contracted for and the page upon which the article appeared could not be removed without greatly mutilating the book, the staff was unable to comply with the request.

To one who has followed the controversy closely, it seems that the seminarians have not dealt as fairly with the seniors as they might have done, and instead of putting the best construction on their actions have judged them too harshly. It is obvious that no member of the theological department would deliberately attack his fellow theologues and himself in a vengeful way, and since the sketch in question was written by such a person it is reasonable to suppose that it was not written out of spite. Again, many of the Senior staff members expect to become seminarians in a few months and it is impossible to believe that they would print anything derogatory to the school of which they ex-

pect so soon to be members. Lastly, anyone reading "The Theologue" will readily see that the whole affair is a bit of pleasantry of like nature with that directed against every organization and almost every individual by all annuals such as "The Jubilee". The article was written in fun and should have been received in the same spirit. We enjoy a good joke directed at others, why should we not be generous enough to allow others to enjoy a witticism at our expense?

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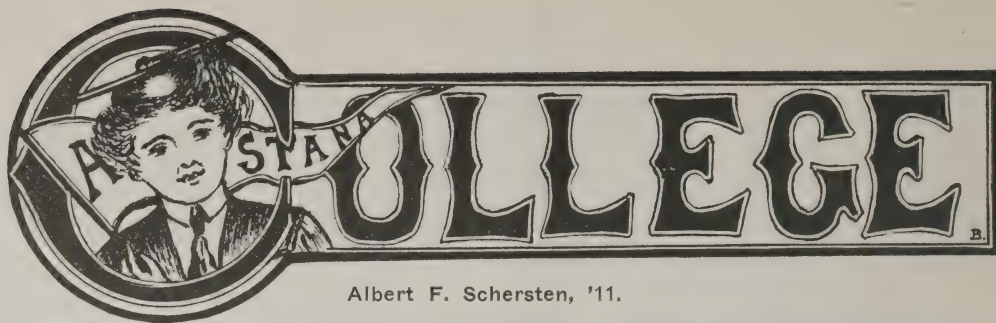
### THE ATHLETIC PETITION.

During the past few weeks a petition has again been circulated, asking the authorities to sanction the return of intercollegiate athletics to Augustana. The men in charge of the paper canvassed all the students carefully and secured very gratifying support from the entire student body. Nearly all of the faculty members also affixed their names to the petition and thus loaned the weight of their prestige to the request for athletics.

The petition clearly shows the need for what it asks. The fact that all students regardless of department, age, or sex, were eager to sign it demonstrates that the need for athletics is keenly felt and their benefits greatly appreciated. Augustana has suffered much since the ban was placed on athletic relations with other schools and no one is better able to realize this than the student bodies of the various departments.

That those in authority appreciate the beneficial results of which Augustana has been deprived for several years is attested by the fact that they have been glad to subscribe to the paper recently circulated. This fact conclusively proves that the quality of the class room work has not only not improved but often actually deteriorated because of the lack of proper recreation for the students during their leisure hours. We sincerely hope that the petition be granted.





Albert F. Schersten, '11.

#### Board Meeting.

On the 17th of May, the Board of Directors met and as usual much important business was transacted, some of which we shall mention here.

Since it was decided some time ago to make gymnastic exercises compulsory here at school next year, the Board decided to call Thor Norberg of the Senior class as physical director. If Mr. Norberg accepts the position, as it is hoped he will, next year the boys will have a chance to get strenuous physical exercise by going through a few "stunts". Mr. Norberg is an all around athlete having been a member of the Swedish team competing in the Olympic games recently held at London. He is also perfectly trained in the celebrated Ling system of gymnastic exercises and would therefore be well able to give Augustana students systematic training in physical culture.

The Board again extended a call to Rev. Theo. Ekblad to act as treasurer, solicitor, and general overseer of grounds for the coming year, and it also called Professor And. Kempe as instructor in the college and business departments and also commissioned him to act as the legal advisor of the school.

Prof. Peter Johnson resigned from his position as teacher of organ and piano and director of the Wennerberg Chorus but the Board did not accept his resignation and, instead, extended another call to him at an increased salary. It is hoped that Prof. Johnson will decide to remain with us.

At the recent meeting of the directors, it was also decided to appropriate the sum of \$250 to defray part of the expenses of Dr. J. A. Udden who will go to Stockholm, Sweden, this summer as a delegate to the International Geological Convention.

As we think of the meeting of the Board of Directors, we feel very pleased and grateful. On behalf of the Debating League we wish to extend our sincerest thanks to the Board because of the fact that it heard and kindly answered the petition of the League. As the expenses of the debate with Bethany were rather large, the League could not "make both ends meet" and, being about forty-seven dollars "in the hole", was compelled to ask the Board of Directors to appropriate this sum, which that body kindly did.

#### The Jubilee.

As THE OBSERVER goes to press all is in readiness for the festivities of Jubilee week. The auditorium, Jubilee Hall, is finished and is indeed an imposing structure, large enough and suitable in all respects to be used as the Jubilee gathering-place. The pipe organ has been removed from the chapel and placed in the above mentioned building. The removal of the large instrument leaves a large hole behind the balcony of the chapel and also a long row of musicians who must stand idle, not being able to run their deft fingers over the organ keys.

The committee in charge of decorations completed their plans several weeks ago and since that time men have been busy placing electric lights and other decorative materials about the campus and buildings. The committee appealed to the

student body for aid in the actual work and by the united efforts of authorities and students the college surroundings have taken on quite a festive appearance.

Work on the new library building has been progressing very nicely and at the present writing the exterior work is fast nearing completion. It is doubtful, however, that the structure will be in shape to permit the President's reception to be held there during Jubilee week. Should that not be possible the reception will be held in Cable Hall.

#### Freshies Get Busy.

Again have the Freshmen been "on the go." On the evening of the 24th of May, the Sophs were to enjoy a pleasant banquet at the home of one fair Soph and in fact, they did enjoy the banquet but with the exception of a few of their class. For a few unfortunate gentlemen members of the Sophomore class were captured by the frenzied Freshies and held in captivity until midnight, when the Freshmen had enough brotherly feeling to release them. Straightway these lucky Sophs hurried to the banquet in order to enjoy a part of it. Yes, the captured Sophs were released, but some were minus shoes. The fun was not completed until the following morning when the lost shoes were found hanging innocently in the chapel, one over the faculty section, one over the seminary seats, and one above the embarrassed Sophs.

When the school-year comes to an end, the thoughts of the students turn to summer-work, a work which will bring money and experience for the future. Since most of the boys have received appointments to serve in the various congregations to teach or to preach or do both, we hereby give a list of appointments.

The appointments of the academy-students are:

Emil F. Andreen, Muskegon, Mich.  
Oscar Alexis, Andover, Ill.  
Arthur G. Benson, Zion, Rock Island, Ill.  
Oscar Carlson, Woodhull, Ill.  
Otto Eklund, Varna, Ill.  
K. V. Froude, Stanton, Iowa.  
Olof R. Noreen, Geneseo, Ill.

C. E. Gunderson, Bessemer, Mich.  
Gustaf Henry, Anacortes, Wash.  
Carl Johanson, Batavia, Ill.  
Tage Jöranson, Stronghurst, Ill.  
Yngve Jöranson, 1st Church, Galesburg, Ill.  
Martin Johanson, Cedarville, Mich.  
M. A. Johnson, La Porte, Ind.  
Julius Larson, Sioux City, Iowa.  
John A. Martin, Burlington, Iowa.  
Martin Olson, Wakefield, Nebr.  
George Olson, Andover, Ill.  
Nils Pearson, Swedesburg, Iowa.  
Stanley Swanson, Galva, Ill.

The appointments of the college students are:

David W. Anderson, Ironwood, Mich.  
Paul H. Andreen, Albert City, Iowa.  
Carl G. Anderson, Escanaba, Mich.  
C. O. Bengtson, Sion, Chicago, Ill.  
Sigfrid Blomgren, Kansas City, Kans.  
Otto Bostrom, Immanuel, Chicago, Ill.  
L. B. Benson, Ishpeming, Mich.  
J. V. Benson, 1st Church, Rockford, Ill.  
Gustav Carlberg, 1st Church, Omaha, Neb.  
P. G. Carlstedt, Buxton, Iowa.  
Frank Granquist, Ashland, Wis.  
Mauritz B. Hanson, Ontonagon, Mich.  
Olof B. Hanson, Whitefish, Mich.  
Sigurd Hanson, Saron, Chicago, Ill.  
A. R. Hedstrom, Stillwater, Minn.  
Linus Johnson, Ludington, Mich.  
Emil Johnson, Nebo, Chicago, Ill.  
P. Arthur Johnson, Alta, Iowa.  
Hjalmar Karlson, 1st Church, St. Paul, Minn.  
E. A. Kallstrom, De Kalb, Ill.  
Herbert W. Linden, Geneva, Ill.  
Herman Larson, Dunkirk and Brockton, N. Y.  
Victor Lindeblad, Duluth, Minn.  
Oscar Montan, Des Moines, Iowa.  
Irving Munson, Essex, Iowa.  
Axl N. Nelson, Swedesburg and Packwood, Iowa.  
Hans Pearson, Farmersville, Ill.  
Albert Schersten, West Clymer, Pa.  
Elmer Swenson, Paxton, Ill.  
Bert Samuelson, Aledo, Ill.  
A. Benj. Swanson, Ogden, Iowa.  
G. M. Thimell, Bethlehem, Ft. Dodge, Ia.  
Emil Westlund, Stonington and Isabella, Mich.



# OUR 1910 DEBATERS.



E. E. RYDEN.

CARL E. BACKMAN.

ELMER L. OLSEN.

AUGUSTANA'S WINNING TEAM  
AGAINST LOMBARD.



A. F. SCHERSTEN.

J. V. BENSON.

TAGE JORANSON.

AUGUSTANA'S WINNING TEAM  
AGAINST BETHANY.

# Seminary.

Nels Lundgren.

We live in an age of industrialism—the most intense in all history. Abroad, we are engaged in an eager, almost bitter contest with Germany, Great Britain and France; our aim — the industrial conquest of the world. At home, we are exploiting the wealth of mountain and plain, and mine and forest yield up their riches of iron, steel and lumber. We rear our great industries everywhere, the marvel and envy of all nations. We hoard fortunes, fabulous beyond the dreams of old time Midas. Our one great national concern is wealth, is finance—gold! Any phase of life which does not directly pertain to wealth and its increase meets with disfavor. Our moral horizon is becoming blurred and it is with difficulty that we distinguish between right and wrong. Even our denominational schools have felt the horrible strain of this work-a-day life and have yielded in a measure to its demands.

True education is the great antagonist of crime. It is really needless to state that where education is reduced to mere mental sharp-wittedness, it frequently becomes a menace to the society that made it possible. The world is full of brilliantly gifted, highly trained individuals who are the most arrant knaves under the sun, whose sole aim in life is to undermine the very civilization that gave them being. Mere head training is not enough. We must have more genuine heart training—character building.

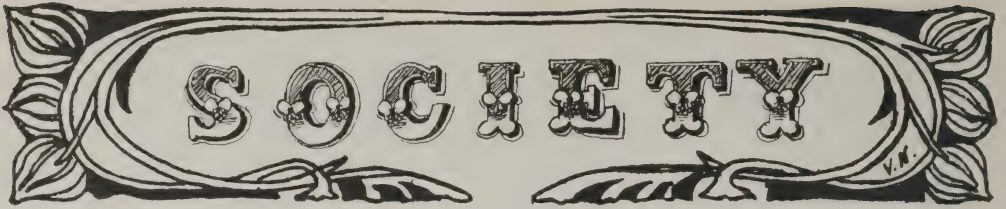
The first essential of every life is char-

acter, a cultivated, disciplined will, a modest, courageous spirit, a desire to serve humanity; and if we fail to develop such a character and spirit we fail in everything, and no scholastic attainment nor material success can compensate for the loss.

Never were we in greater need of a commanding ministry than now — a ministry which should be of the mightiest moral power. We are prone to forget the once sober and earnest piety of the ministry, and in order that our influence as Lutherans may be felt, and the command "Go ye out into the world and evangelize all nations", be fulfilled, we must have men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery, nor hiding them beneath piles of rubbish. No, we must have men of sound speech who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, uttering sugar-coated words as if the mind blushed at its own credulity—but men who will preach it apostlewise, that is first of all, the principle inspired in one's own heart and a motive mighty in one's own life—the source of all morals and the inspiration of all charity. In order that we may cope with the needs of our time, we must have men of zeal untiring—whose hearts of constancy quail not although dull men sneer, proud men scorn, timid men blush, cautious men deprecate and wicked men revile.







EDNA B. PETERSON.

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#### Third Class Picnic.

Believing firmly that society functions have as much place in the academy as in the college, the Third Class decided to have a picnic. Therefore, at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, May 16th, the members of that class, taking baskets and suit cases filled with good things to eat, met at the Watch Tower to enjoy a picnic supper. A number of short tables were placed together thus making a long one on which the eatables were placed. After the sumptuous supper the young people indulged in games and music and the evening thus passed, the hour for departure came all too quickly.

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#### A Birthday Party.

On the evening of the 20th of May, Miss Phoebe Liljedahl royally entertained the girls of the Onyx Club at a supper in honor of her birthday anniversary. The repast was served on Zion Hill and its excellence, added to the invigorating air of nature, made the affair exceedingly enjoyable.

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#### Senior Reception.

Dr. Andreen very pleasantly entertained the College Seniors at his home on Thursday evening, May 19. In the early part of the evening an elegant five course dinner was served to the seniors who were seated at small tables. After the dinner, Dr. Andreen toasted the class, expressing his pleasure at having its members with him and complimenting them on the success which they have achieved. In a few

well chosen words, the president, Marcus Skarstedt, responded, voicing the sentiments of the Nineteen-Tens and the gratitude which they felt towards the Doctor for his assistance during their college career. The remainder of the time was spent in an informal way. Favors of white carnations tied with blue ribbon, the class colors, were given.

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#### Miss Wilson Entertains.

On May 21st, a number of young ladies were entertained by Miss Mary Wilson in her room at Ladies' Hall at a breakfast party. The novel and highly enjoyable affair was given in honor of Miss Orpha Johnson of Knoxville who has been visiting Miss Wilson for several days.

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#### Freshman Picnic.

Although the morning of May 20 was cloudy it did not dampen the ardor of the Freshmen who had planned a picnic for that day, and they determined to celebrate in spite of the weather. Fortunately, however, before the day was far advanced the clouds dispersed and the sun shone brightly. The classmen, their friends and their well filled lunch baskets wended their way toward Watch Tower about 9:30 o'clock and there spent the day. It is said that the chutes and the suit case full of sandwiches were the most popular attractions on the grounds. After the shades of darkness had fallen the tired but happy lot of students returned with pleasant memories of the day's vacation on account of which no absences would be charged to their ac-

count, for the faculty had graciously excused them for the entire day.

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#### **Apollo Club.**

Miss Marie Brown of Moline was hostess to her fellow members of the Apollo Club and a few other friends, on Thursday evening, May 27. During the course of the evening various games were played; among them a guessing contest of musical terms proved especially interesting. Light refreshments were served in a charming manner by the hostess.

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#### **Senior Class Picnic.**

The school days of the Senior Class are fast drawing to a close and the members realize that these last hours should be improved as much as possible for the closer cementing of ties of friendship. They therefore repaired to the Watch Tower Park on Saturday, May 4th, there to enjoy a last class picnic. The day was most pleasantly spent in various forms of amusements and bounteous picnic lunch were indulged in. In spite of the dampness of the weather the hours passed all too quickly.

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#### **Those Naughty Freshmen.**

Some time ago the members of the Sophomore class received invitations to spend an informal evening on May 24th with their classmate, Miss Agnes Abrahamson, at her home on College Boulevard. The anticipation of such a happy event caused of course a great deal of talk among the Sophs, and hence it is not to be wondered

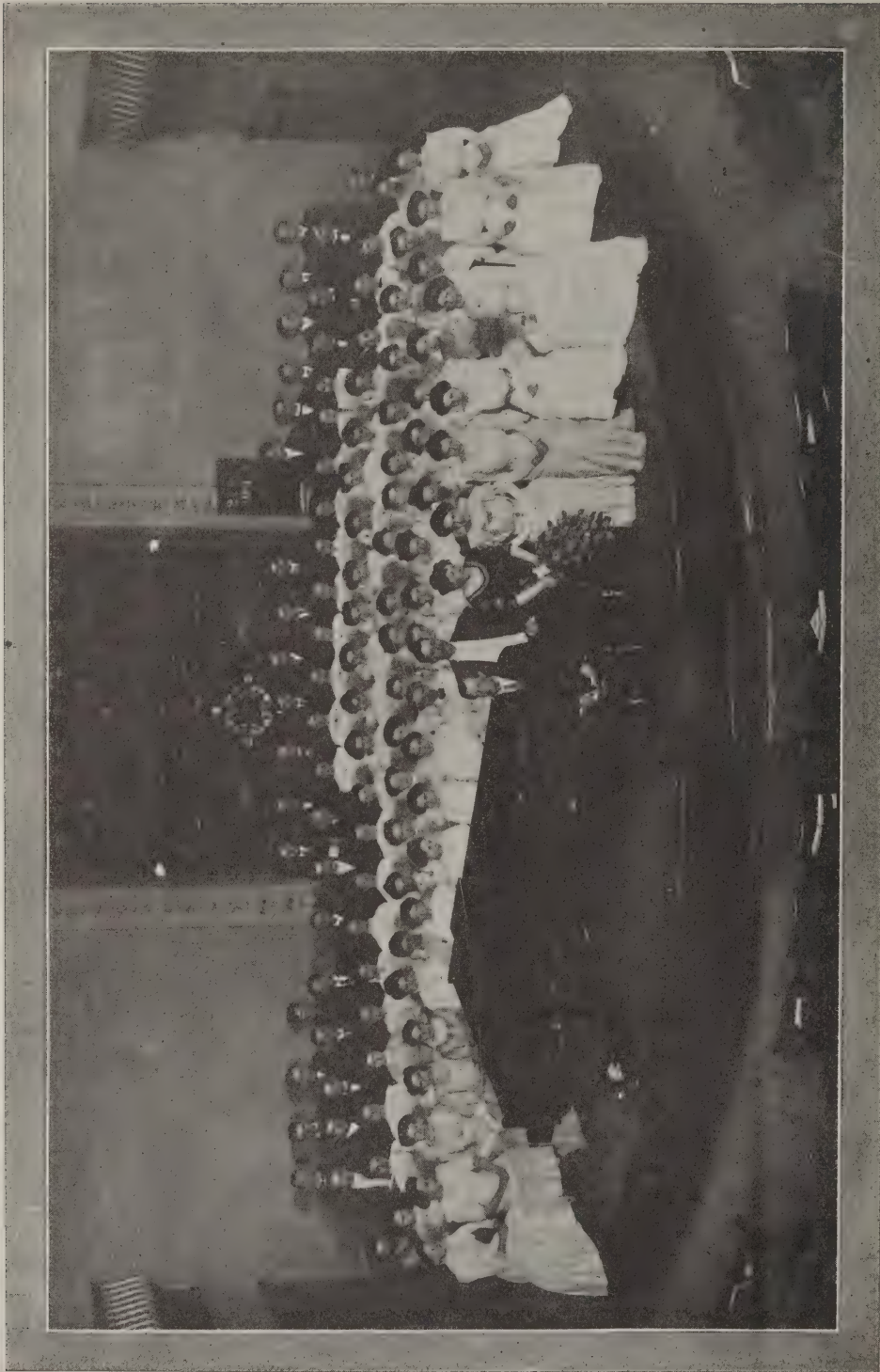
at that the Freshmen noticed the little groups gathered in the halls and conversing in whispers. The lower classmen said nothing, but on that eventful Tuesday evening they quietly stationed themselves on the streets leading to the Abrahamson home and waited. It was not many minutes before they had no less than four Sophs in their clutches, and among that number was no less a dignitary than the class president himself. After effectually guarding their captives until midnight, the Freshies withdrew, feeling that a great victory had been won and that the name of the class of 1913 had been covered with honor.

In the meantime the remainder of the Sophomores had reached their destination in safety and were worrying over the whereabouts of their missing companions. Although the absence of so many was keenly felt, the class members passed a most pleasant evening with music and games. Very early in the morning of May 25th the quartet of erstwhile captives appeared on the scene, and it is said that the reunion with their fellow classmen was affectionate and touching in the extreme. Refreshments were daintily served on trays decorated in the class colors, green and white.

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A number of school people were royally entertained on Friday evening, May 27th, in Moline. Miss Lillian Johnson was the hostess and the function, which was in the nature of a dinner party, was held at the home of Miss Johnson's aunt.





HANDEL ORATORIO CHORUS



JUL 1 1960

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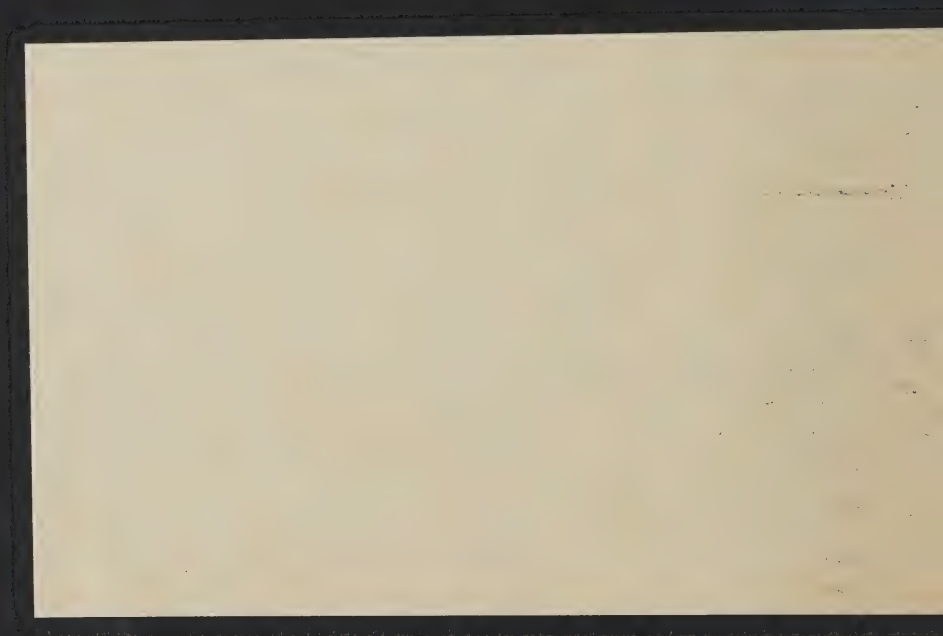
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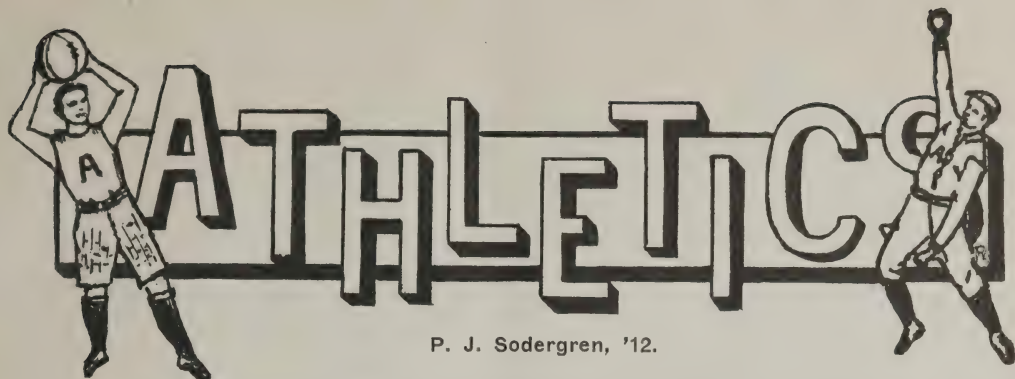
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BOOKSTACK





Before recording the several baseball games, we wish to correct a mistake that appeared in the last issue of THE OBSERVER. St. Ambrose vs Augustana should have read, St. Ambrose vs Augustana Academy. Fans take notice!

#### Davenport H. S. vs Augustana.

The first baseball game since our last issue was a seven inning game played between Davenport H. S. and Augustana on May 10. This was a one-sided affair from beginning to finish. In the very first inning we succeeded in scoring three points. After this, however, the Davenport boys seemed to brace up and make our boys work a little harder for their tallies. Yet they could not prevent us from scoring two more points, making the final score 5—0.

Johnson maintained his reputation as a first class pitcher, allowing only one hit during the entire game. Davenport left the field with the opinion that there were still a few things they must learn about the game before they could successfully cope with our squad.

#### Lineup.

Davenport H. S.:		Augustana:	
Frick	1B	Stark	
Friedholt	2B	Bloom	
Adelquist	3B	Samuelson	
Kelly	SS	Nyden	

Hanson	RF	Beckstrom
Killian	CF	Lund
Hannan	LF	Rovelstad
Geety	C	Bexell
Sees	P	Johnson

#### St. Ambrose vs Augustana.

This was a five inning game played May 11 on our campus and resulted in a score of 1-0 in favor of Augie. It was by no means an easily gained victory and the visitors showed that they also had played baseball before. In the second inning, one lonely score was made which decided the game. Playing was good all around, and it is due to the excellent pitching on both sides that the scores were so scarce. Johnson allowed only one man to walk, struck out ten men and allowed only two hits. The visiting pitcher also did credit to his team, allowing two hits and only two "walks". The game had to be discontinued at an early hour after the fifth inning, as St. Ambrose was booked to be in Davenport at six o'clock.

#### Lineup.

St. Ambrose:		Augustana:	
Snoddy	1B	Stark	
Middleton	2B	Bloom	
Hines, B.	3B	Samuelson	
Hines, O.	SS	Nyden	
Portell	RF	Beckstrom	
Murphy	CF	Lund	



Haley	LF	Rovelstad
Wadley	C	Bexell
Hannan	P	Johnson

toes, while a couple or more additional scores were made for Augie. After the game it was decided by the clerks that they would go back and get a little much needed practice.

#### M. W. A. vs Augustana.

On May 14, the clerks of the M. W. A. met our squad and also met defeat. This was more of a joke than a game and

#### Lineup.

M. W. A.:	Augustana:
Keeley	1B Stark



FIRST TEAM BASKET BALL.

resulted in a score of 13-1 in our favor. In the sixth inning, the clerks succeeded in scoring their single point, but they were welcome to it as Augie had scores to spare. While Augustana was at bat the ball cut the air at every possible angle and the visitors were kept constantly guessing where the ball would go next. They tried to catch it, of course, but it always slipped right through their fingers and lit on their

Sonder's	2B	Bloom
Lamp	3B	Sundberg
Sample	SS	Nyden
Phillips	RF	Beckstrom
Corkin	CF	Lund
Driggs	LF	Rovelstad
Hogan	C	Bexell
Anderson	P	Pearson

**R. I. H. S. Seniors vs Augustana.**

This was a practice game, played on May 18. Although the score favored Augustana, the difference should have been greater. Our boys played in a listless and unspirited fashion and the game was slow and uninteresting throughout. The final score was 2-1 in favor of Augustana.

Maher	3B	Lund
Krippen	SS	Nyden
Rornberger	RF	Beckstrom
Malsud	CF	Sundberg
Myers	LF	Rovelstad
Stader, B.	C	Bexell
Anderson	P	Pearson
	P	Sten

**Thornblom Tigers vs Augustana.**

On May 21, Augie met a sad defeat at the hands of the ravenous tigers from Moline. In the first inning the tigers succeeded in scoring four points. The outlook was discouraging. Pearson was not in condition to pitch and was relieved by Sten who pitched fairly good ball during the remainder of the game.

Although Augie had received such a severe blow in the very start yet she rallied at once and scored a point in the first inning. The game from this point was a long list of errors on both sides, but Augie by unabated persistency finally succeeded in playing a little worse than the visitors who kept adding points to their side until the final score had the lop-sided effect of 9-3 in favor of the Tigers.

*Lineup.*

<b>Tigers:</b>		<b>Augustana:</b>
Pearson	1B	Stark
Stader, T.	2B	Bloom

**Moline H. S. vs Augie.**

This game, played May 24, was herbs for Augie. It was one of those lopsided games that fail to interest the baseball fan. Therefore let it suffice to say that the score was 8-0 in favor of Augie.

*Lineup.*

<b>Moline H. S.:</b>		<b>Augustana:</b>
Carbary	1B	Stark
Melin	2B	Bloom
Walker	3B	Johnson
Parkhurst	SS	Nyden
Soderstrom	RF	Beckstrom
Coyle	CF	Lund
Livingstone	LF	Rovelstad
Marrat	C	Bexell
Peterson	P	Samuelson

This year we have had a very efficient baseball team. Although they have displayed weaknesses in not giving mutual support to one another, yet this is to be attributed to the absence of a coach. Their record, however, shows just what they could do if given an opportunity.

**COLLEGE YELL.**

Rockety-eye! Ki-eye! Ki-eye!  
 Rockety-eye! Ki-eye! Ki-eye!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Augustana! Rah! Rah! Rah!



J. A. SAMUELSON.

"College Greetings" is an interesting and valuable exchange. Its several departments have good educational value.

A strong oration on Martin Luther is published by Hedding College "Graphic". It merits your thoughtful perusal.

"College Breezes" contains many interesting news items and short articles dealing with local conditions. These give splendid evidence of the G. A. C. student's ideals, his love and patriotism for his Alma Mater.

We would call attention to two graphic definitions given in the "Aerolith". They are quite pithy and to the point. 1) An optimist is a person who makes lemonade of all the lemons handed to him. 2) A pessimist is a person who makes vinegar of the sweetest apples that are handed him.

Ye Latin scholars, do not neglect to read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in Latin translation in the May issue of the "Mercury". The same publication contains a criticism, "Bulwer Lytton's Rienzi," and a poem, "To the Winds," that deserve special mention. "The Mercury" bears more of the characteristics of a magazine than of a college paper.

"The Tech" is fortunate in being the recipient of a number of short stories and descriptive essays. It would be well if we as a rule could develop more enthusiasm for this species of literary production among the students. The imagination should be developed and trained as well as the other faculties. It acts as a fer-

mentative upon the intellect, without which intellectuality becomes heavy and stale.

An editorial in Eureka College "Pegasus" strikes a deserving blow at "political wire-pulling, machine, boss and muck-rake" in college politics. A mean type of selfishness often constitutes the "prima causa" of such activities, and it is well that our attention be called to the evil. Grave results almost invariably follow immediately in the wake of its unwarranted operations, and its spirit is diametrically opposed to the highest ideals of a college education. Here is an opportunity for the college paper to exert a healthy influence. We heartily approve of the stand taken by the "Pegasus".

We find a tendency in "The Augustana" and a few other exchanges to give detailed statements of programs rendered in the several societies and clubs. As a rule, these are of little or no interest to the public, and serve, at best, but a meager purpose among local readers. The space taken up by these programs might be utilized for other material of more public worth.

"The Augustana" is very enthusiastic over a victory in oratory won by Augustana's representative in a state contest. We congratulate on the victory!

"The Maniteau Messenger" introduces a new department, "Religious Organizations", in its May issue. This addition contributes largely to the value of St. Olaf's representative paper among the people who have the welfare of the institution at heart, as also among other colleges.



# CONSERVATORY



Beda M. Jacobson.

Following is the complete list of the pupils who will graduate from all departments of the Conservatory this year:

## *Diploma Class.*

Piano:—Beda M. Jacobson

Esther Fryxell

Voice:—Alma Liitt

Irene MacLeay

Violin:—Harry Behrens

Expression:—Ida Swanson.

Jennie Nelson.

## *Certificate Class.*

Piano:—Elsa Beckman

Wilhelmina Johnson

Selma Johnson

Olga Larson

Mamie Peterson

Esther Youngberg

Wilmah Youngquist

Voice:—Caroline Carlstedt

Organ:—Gerhard Alexis

Art:—Esther Knutson

Theresia Alexis.

## **Elsinore Dramatic Club.**

On Friday evening, May 27th, the Elsinore Dramatic Club rendered their annual program in the College gymnasium. At that time they presented the two-act sketch, "Best Laid Plans" besides which there were several other numbers as is seen by the program which follows:

Piano Duet—Misses Tiegreen and Olson.  
Welcome—Mr. E. E. Ryden.

## **Best Laid Plans.**

### CAST.

Mrs. Wicherly, a rich Widow—Miss Cora Tiegreen.

Helen, her daughter—Miss Jennie Nelson.

Rose, a friend—Miss Pearl Saville.

Amy, a friend—Miss Ida Swanson.

George, a nephew—Mr. Carl Backman.

Denis, Amy's fiance—Mr. E. Westlund.

Steven, a nephew—Mr. R. A. Jacobson.

Lord Ferroll, of English stock—Mr. Carl G. Londberg.

### ACT I.

Piano Solo—Miss Florence Spaulding.

Reading—Mr. A. F. Schersten.

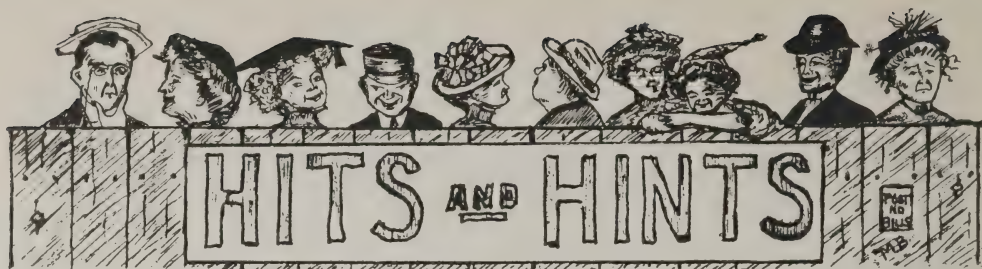
Vocal Solo—Mrs. A. A. Ellison.

### ACT II.

Whistling Solo—Miss Phoebe Berndt.

The entire program was well rendered and the dramatic feature made a decided hit with the large audience. All the members of the cast displayed excellent ability and gave evidence of the time which they had spent in the numerous practices. Especially worthy of mention is the work of Mr. Londberg. His was the leading part and he handled it admirably. This Elsinore program demonstrates the ability which Augustana possesses along dramatic lines and it is hoped that more attention will be given to its cultivation in the future.





R. A. Hedström, '11.

Emil W. will spend the summer as an agent for the "57 varieties" of pickles.

Marcus: "Will some one tell me how the staff can remove page 73 without harming page 74?"

*This Begins to Look Serious.*

Selma M.: "I think I'll stay at home this summer and learn how to bake bread."

*Notice!*

There will be an Insurgent reunion at EER room during Jubilee week. All interested in the bunch are welcome.

Well, it's all right fellows, we didn't intend to sleep much during Jubilee week anyhow.

It begins to look as if Marcus had made a safe hit. What does Phil have to say about it?

There is one satisfaction about the gym business, it gives the people of the Synod a chance to experience the ideal condition of those dormitories.

Wanted: Able-bodied men to act as waiters during Jubilee week. Must have had at least two years' experience in Hashology.

I love my dormitory, but oh you gym!  
(!) (!) (?) (?) — — (\*) (\*)

Will "Al" enter the seminary?

Wanted (by P. J. S.). Someone or something that will restore a faded smile.

Intercollegiate foot-ball ought to do the biz.

Abraham Lincoln studied by the light of pine knots, but that doesn't say that he would sleep in the Augustana gym.

Molly, the snake charmer, wishes to announce that she will devote all her time during the Jubilee celebration to training the mice that inhabit the attic of Ladies' Hall.

Who said that the English were the only people who couldn't see the point of a joke?

It is strange how many people know the contents of these columns before the editor even reads the proofs.

Several of Augustana's august Seniors attended the circus that visited Rock Island a few days ago. They haven't forgotten the pleasures of youth yet.

Talk about the smallness of the modern flat! Did you ever try to sleep in the college gym with about a hundred other fellows besides the regular inhabitants?

When P. A. goes it would be proper to call Edna "The College Widow".

Judicious advertising has given "The Jubilee 1910" a place among the "six best sellers".

The Seniors are certainly in a class all by themselves.

Our hearts tremble when we think of the great dearth of Inseparables and Party Leaders there will be after this year.

Will it be S. L. or O. R. who basks in the sunshine of her favor when she leaves for Terraville?

It certainly is a satisfaction to know that fifty years from now we can tell the students how we used to sleep in the gym.

Augustana students are surely nothing if not polite. Two of them sat on the bottom of the steps for an hour the other night trying to induce each other to go up first.

And to think that after we gave Halley's comet so much free advertising, it now fails to produce the goods!

They offered to station a "cop" at the gym to keep order but they forgot that a whole regiment couldn't do that.

No one can deny that Hedio can express himself in an emphatic manner. *Note! This statement was inserted here without the knowledge of the Hits and Hints editor.*

#### Notice.

*There is nothing serious in these hits and hints.*

But, after all, every cloud has a silver lining. In spite of the disagreeable features of our hotel accommodations during these festivities, let us remember that we don't have to worry about the excuse committee.

It's easy enough to be cheerful and gay  
When the moon shines with a bright glim.  
But the man worth while, is the man who  
will smile

When forced to sleep in the gym.

(With Apologies).

Of course we're going to lose lots of good men this spring but let us hope that Berzelius will be back.

Carl G. Shylock is some patriot! Don't it?

You can always tell the old grads because all their sentences begin with the words: "You remember the time that,"

## Attention!

**Kindly mention the Observer, when writing to advertisers.**

**Extra copies of this issue may be had for 25 cts. by writing Arthur W. Johnson, Aug. College, Rock Island, Ill.**

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\* \* \*

Vi klagat understundom öfver brist på kyrklig patriotism. Vi tro icke, att denna brist är mera betecknande för vår synod än för något annat samfund, men där den finnes, torde orsaken i de flesta fall vara brist på kännedom om vårt samfunds historia.

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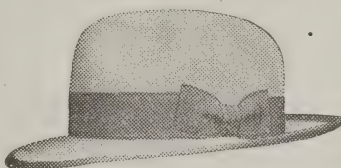
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